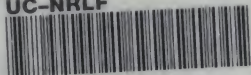


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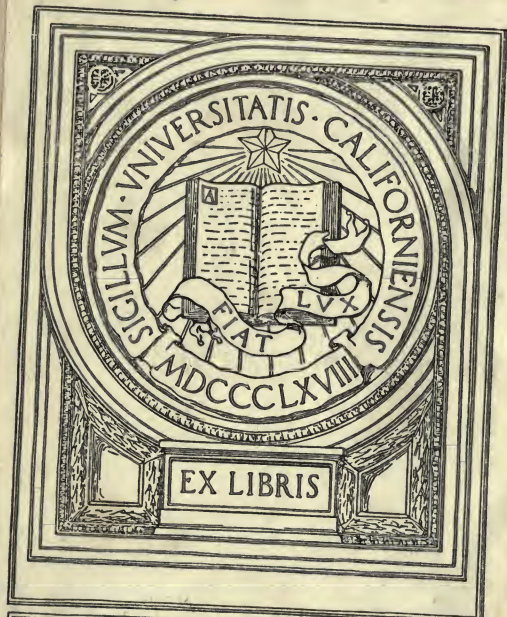
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MAURICE AND BERGHETTA;

OR, THE

*PRIEST OF RAHERY.*

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MAURICE AND BERGHETTA;

OR, THE

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by  
William Parnell

NEW YORK :

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A TALE.

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# DEDICATION.

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## TO THE CATHOLIC PRIESTHOOD OF IRELAND.

GENTLEMEN,

I AM glad to have an opportunity of giving a public, though small mark of respect to men, whose merits have always appeared to me equal to their privations. This is a very large compliment ; for these privations have indeed been great. We may however begin to speak of them without bitterness, for their end is clearly approaching ; the bigotry, which darkened the understanding of the Irish Government, has passed away ; and it is not likely that the Government should continue to reject a body of men, on whom the civilization and subordination of the lower orders in Ireland depends. But when the

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exclusion of your body from the rights of civil society shall cease, the peculiarities of manner and character, which distinguished it in adversity, will disappear also.

There is something, however, every interesting in these national and professional features, though they are merely Irish ; and before they are quite forgotten, this attempt is made to fix and embody them in the description of an Irish priest, such as may have existed a century ago. I am afraid, that he will not be thought quite orthodox, at least by that large description of christians, which exists among Catholics, as well as among every other religious sect, who value the Church more than the Gospel. Allowance ought however to be made for a Protestant writer, who does his best to reconcile differences, believing that the time is fast approaching, when the great foundation principles, the warmth, the sincerity, and the benevolence of religion, will be so prevalent, that the present differences, which have been exalted into disproportioned importance by controver-



sy, will be as little regarded as the differences respecting meats, which divided the Church in its early ages.

The character of your Clergy will in future partake more of that of the upper orders of society, yet perhaps it will be intrinsically less amiable, than that of the age which the following pages represent. — You have hitherto remained in peaceful and useful obscurity, safe from the contamination of the Castle and the Vatican ; and it would be difficult to say in which of these petty courts, the foulest traffic to corrupt the purity of individual principle has been carried on. But now you have acquired sufficient value to be worth being purchased ; nor can your Church hope to escape the certain contamination of influence, but in the measure of the domestic nomination of your Hierarchy.

This principle, happily begun, must raise your Church to an eminence of piety and talent, far beyond that of the Protestant or any other Church, where the interest of politicians is allowed to influence

the choice of the chief servants of religion ; this measure can alone ensure, that with the manners and mental cultivation of a more refined age your pastors may preserve the simplicity and purity of the Priest of Rahery.

The intercourse, Gentlemen, which I have had with very many of your body, has impressed me with sentiments of the deepest esteem, which I cannot express better than by the wish, that the Catholic Priesthood, in its constitution and destination, may be neither English, Roman, nor Italian, but Christian and Irish.

THE AUTHOR.

## INTRODUCTION.

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**T**HOUGH no one, who appears as an author, can hope to free himself from the charge of being actuated by a love of distinction ; yet the writer of the present work is conscious, that there are grounds for extenuation.

He scarcely remembers the time, when a passion for his native country, and a painful commiseration of the deplorable state of the peasantry in Ireland, were not the strongest feelings in his breast. When very young, these were very acute ; and even now the miseries, which every where surround him, would make a residence in Ireland too melancholy to be endured, but for the hope and exertion, which still suggest a flattering belief, that their end is approaching.

The squalid appearance of the peasantry, and their horrid habitations, are sights that his eyes never get accustomed to ; though a short residence in Ireland makes most people inattentive to them : he seems forced on to a study of these details of wretchedness, till so pained with the recurrence of the idea of suffering, that any exertion with a chance of mitigating, it becomes a relief. Like the nightingale that is said to lean its breast against a thorn, that sleep may not interrupt its

song, this aching pity for poor Ireland has kept him constantly thinking, studying, writing, talking, in hopes that by exertion or good fortune he might be the means of bettering her condition. One claim, at least, to attention he may be allowed, which is having minutely, carefully, and unremittingly studied the subject.

To the governing powers he of course has applied, but not very often, as every little chance of success with them would be lost by importunity. But success, indeed, he never had to boast of.

English strangers, when they first come to Ireland, are invariably surprised and shocked at the misery of the lower orders; but their eyes soon become accustomed to the sight, and they acquire an obduracy and indifference on the subject greater than exist in those who always reside there.

Neither do the official men sent from England form any exception to the general rule. These at first are solicitous to devise remedies for the misery that it is new to them; but they are soon hardened by the unfeeling society, in whose narrow circle they pass their time; they eat pine-apples, drink champagne, shoot woodcocks, are assiduously flattered, and feeling themselves very well off, forget how other people suffer.

Matters have grown worse, since certain maxims of political economy have become prevalent. Those who espouse these opinions do not perceive, that the maxim of government not interfering, is good only when consistent and general; that there is neither political nor economical wisdom in first



reducing a country to ruin, persevering in those measures of violent interference which have brought it to ruin, and then, when applied to for exertions to mitigate, or remedy, saying, "it is very inexpedient for government to interfere."

A country that has been depressed by active interference may surely claim to be advanced by some greater exertion on the part of government, than if the order of society, and the course of individual industry, had never been interrupted. At present every application for relief, is answered by a maxim of political economy.

So that to exact money from a distressed people, to tax to the utmost extreme, and distrain when the tax is not to be had; all this is very allowable: but to give, relieve, or remit, is quite contrary to all wise principles.

When the Irish administration is called on to advance the education of the lower orders, to abate a tax, or to give a stimulus to industry, it is not sufficient to turn to Adam Smith, and say, "look at this chapter; it is best not to interfere:" as long as it can be plainly shown, that the minds of the people have been degraded, and the desire to better their condition (from which all industry takes its origin) has been paralyzed by the interference of government.

This affectation in the Irish administration of a dread of interfering where any good is to be done, whilst the whole country is a scene of distress from the violence with which the order of society is broken, throws an air of ridicule over

the proceedings of the governing power. Thus, last year, when the obvious measures for arresting the progress of the typhus fever in Ireland (now at length adopted) were first proposed: "What!" cried the Irish administration, "sanction so gross an invasion of the liberty of the subject, as to give a power to enter a poor man's house, and make a window in it? What! take up the poor, and immure them in hospitals; and stop the free march of a beggar, though his cloak and bag may spread infection from house to house! What unheard of interference!"

And yet this administration had not only interfered, so far as to maintain all political power and valuable patronage in the hands of a small minority of the nation, while the great majority was excluded from hope and enterprise; but, in pursuance of this disturbing system, they had necessarily been led to interfere so much farther, as to punish all individuals, who were found out of their houses after nine o'clock, with transportation to Botany Bay; and under the name of police "peace preservation," and the disguise of brown coats, to establish a military force in the provinces, acting without even the benefit of military law. Really, to hear the supporters of such a system assume a zeal for liberty, is like a Chinese parent, who puts his child's feet in a compress, and then says, "Now go, and dance about as much as you like."

It is the same with regard to education. If you apply to the Irish administration to exert itself, and advance ever so trifling a fund, it repeats a maxim it has lately learned, that the moment government advances any money, all private subscription ceas-

es. It does not consider, that it has rendered the country so poor, and its inhabitants so spiritless, that the amount of this private subscription is quite insignificant, and perfectly incompetent to the great object : and therefore any consideration of its increase or decrease at the present moment, cannot excuse the inactivity of the Irish ministry, and its apparent indifference to civilize the minds of a people reduced to this state.

But the most lamentable misapplication of this doctrine of noninterference has been in the case of the famine and fever, which have desolated Ireland. Not less than a million of people have been totally ruined by these dreadful scourges, of whom at least one hundred thousand have died\* : and these under every circumstance of horror—exposed in ditches ! in open fields ! by the road sides ! whole districts without any medical or charitable assistance. Repeated instances have occurred of whole families perishing unknown and without help. And you see every where cabins fallen down, where you are told, the *family* died of the fever† ! And this must necessarily have been the case, for when the whole family were ill, which

\* We must not be deceived by the flattering returns of the public hospitals. It is not in these, but upon the return to insufficient nourishment, and the filth of their cabin, that the numerous deaths of those discharged take place from relapses.

† It is difficult to bring an idea of national misery strongly home to the feelings of the public. It is too impatient of details, and is not to be moved by general description: among a multitude of others, the two following instances are selected from letters addressed to and pub-

frequently occurred, they had no support but such casual supply as might be left by a neighbour on the outside of the door, or was put in on a long

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lished in the Eighth Report of the Sunday School Society; for as the facts are mentioned only incidentally, they may be safely relied on.

*BERAGH. Co. of Tyrone.*

9th Dec. 1817.

“ In addition to poverty, fever has raged. Great numbers have already fallen; some families, consisting of many branches, are nearly extinct, others deprived of their most useful members; helpless infant orphans left destitute, and multitudes still under the disease. The wretched victims of want and disease are in many cases left to languish in lingering and protracted torments, without an eye to pity, or a hand to save. On some occasions, people can scarcely be found to put the dead into a coffin, or the coffin into a grave. So familiar has death become, that the passenger can listen, apparently unmoved, to the wailings of the sick, or the groans of the dying, anxious only for personal safety. That this is no exaggerated statement, may be readily conceived, by considering, that in consequence of the prevalence of fever, no service has been in the parish church for some months past.”

*JEDD. Co. of Fermanagh.*

12th Jan. 1818.

“ The fever raged so high, that we were obliged to dismiss our school early in September last; we opened it the first Sunday in November, but had to close again. We intend to open the first Sunday in March, if our lives are spared. The distemper is raging; the cries of widows and orphans are very affecting. The grave yards are ploughed: red carts and cars are employed to carry off the dead: and all relief by friends and neighbours to the unhappy sufferers is refused. A poor woman and her lit-



handled shovel—so that when they became unable to rise, or if no assistance was at hand, they must have perished from want of sustenance, as well as from disease. There being no legal provision for the poor in Ireland, no assistance whatever to save a poor person perishing from want—made the situation of the sick more perilous ; as there are no parish officers, there is no person whose business it is officially to inquire into the state of the poor. Miserably inadequate to the relief of this great calamity was the assistance, which the reduced number of the Irish gentry could afford. They did exert themselves most meritoriously. The absentee proprietors, with a few splendid exceptions, did little or nothing ; and here, as in the case of the local disturbances of the country, the deplorable effect of the Union, in banishing the resident proprietors, was sensibly felt. The inestimable value of an old resident gentry was perceived in its loss ; it was seen, that it could not be compensated by any sudden rise of trade and merchants ; and all this nonsense of the political economists and advocates of the Union was at length justly appreciated. Whole districts suffered under the cruel alternative of famine and fever, without the smallest medical or charitable assistance, or without an inquiry being made into their situation.

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the son of five years old were refused access to any house ; and night coming on, she took shelter under a car, in a gravel pit, and like a true mother, took off her flannel petticoat, wrapped it round the little object of her care, put him in her bosom and lay down and died. In the morning, a man enquired how she was ; the child replied, that she had fallen asleep, and that he could not wake her. Many such like instances of distress have occurred in our neighbourhood this season. O what a time is this !”

All this time, the Irish administration adhered to its cold pedantry, and with such implicit belief in its Adam Smith, that it must be freed from any blame of personal want of feeling, or mal-intention. It took care also, to give sufficient relief to save its credit : but pretty much upon the same principle as a friend of the Author, who devised a means to free himself from the importunity of itinerant beggars, and yet preserve his character for charity. He lived a quarter of a mile from the road side, and to every beggar that came he always gave one halfpenny ; the beggars, finding that one halfpenny did not recompense the time and trouble of walking half a mile, soon made very rare visits.

Thus the Irish administration devoted to the relief of the horrible distresses of the year 1817 a sum of £8,000. For the relief of a population of many millions, suffering the worst extreme of famine, and reduced to feed upon charlock and other weeds ! for the succeeding year, (when Parliament purchased the Elgin marbles and Dr. Burney's library,) when the fever was at its height, £15,000 were all it destined to the relief of this worst calamity ; and these sums were dealt out in wretched pittances of £30 for whole parishes, (unless a person of influence applied,) and subject to all the forms and delays of solicitation.

But these evils, it is to be hoped, are temporary. The ponderous mischief, that constantly weighs down Ireland, exists in the laws which injuriously distinguish Catholics from Protestants. These, by giving the Protestants a factitious pre-eminence, have rendered them ostentatious, extravagant, expensive beyond their means, and, by

a certain consequence, corrupted and dependent on government. These, by violently depressing the Catholics, have degraded what may be considered as the public mind and character of Ireland—suppressing all demand for the public activity and intelligence of this prominent part of the nation, they have struck at the very existence of these qualities, while they have nearly annihilated all public honour and honesty, by making them not essential in Protestants, and of no avail in Catholics.

Nothing can more strongly prove, that, so long as the oppression of the Catholics is continued in Ireland, all efforts of melioration are nugatory, than the result of Mr. Peel's administration in Ireland. We mention it with reluctance, for, though a succeeding age will deem it very oppressive, our habits were reconciled to it; and it was dealt in so very courteous a measure, that we were inclined to return thanks for the civility, with which we were shut out of doors. The polish of the weapon was so fine, that life was fled before we perceived the wound. We were like the Pelew Islander, whose thoughts, while he lay dying at the bottom of the boat, were engaged in admiring the complexion of the man who had shot him. Let us be just to Mr. Peel; he possessed a great deal of good intention, an admirable freedom from all sordid interest, and a mind naturally inclining to liberal and wise government; and if he had not lately betrayed something of too strong a bias to government influence, and to the court, in the cases of the *Custos Rotulorum*, and the *Custos Regis*, there is no one in whose political success (Catholic Emancipation once granted) we could take a warmer sympathy.

Now though there was much good intention on Mr. Peel's part, and an example of great activity and attention given and followed through every department of government, yet, while this grievous sore was exasperated, these political balsams and liniments were mere quackery. The head of the canker was seared, but its roots spread; faction, party-spirit, discontent, and alienation from the English Government increased to a degree, that was remarkable even in a country where they always abounded. But the mournful and hopeless distress, to which all ranks of society were reduced, has scarcely been paralleled in countries laid waste by military force. Let any one read the reports of the four physicians sent to examine into the state of disease; and, though they were made with something of travelling celerity, and an air of extenuation appears throughout, sufficient facts escape, to mark the magnitude of this horrid calamity.

But it will immediately be said, why make Mr. Peel accountable for the effects of the atmosphere and the seasons? What has his administration to do with famine and fever? Nothing certainly, if these evils arose *entirely* from the inclemency of the times and seasons; but if the intolerable degree of these evils had their origin in the want of foresight, of prudence, and of accumulation, which always characterizes an oppressed and degraded people, then his administration must have had a very great concern in producing these deplorable effects.

As Maurice observes, when we see a miserable and wretched people with depressed minds and



indolent habits, we do not ascribe their poverty to the men who govern them ; but no one, that sees a mangy, half-starved flock of sheep, ever doubts that it is the fault of the farmer, to whom it belongs.

This is not exactly the place to introduce a system of political economy, especially a new one, or the author would urge at length, that the wealth and prosperity of a country depend for improvement on the improvement of the *minds* of the inhabitants ; that attention to appearance, a desire of comforts, enterprise, a free and hardy spirit, sober, temperate habits, prudence, and forethought, are the materials on which we should ground the wealth of nations, and not merely upon such commercial and financial prosperity, as is attempted by the short sighted political economy of modern times. If this be true, can we be surprised, that a system of government, founded upon the depression of four fifths of the inhabitants of a nation, should have found no resources in times of distress, but should have ended in an extreme of national suffering ?

Let not Mr. Peel consider this as the language of hostility ; so far as the Author is personally concerned, he is anxious that this gentleman should learn to look back on his Irish administration with some degree of compunction, and that the future part he probably will hold in the English administration may be of a more benevolent and equitable cast.

Mr. Peel is himself too candid not to excuse him, and remember, that



“Friendship by sweet reproof is shown.”

To return to the Tale before us, the character of Maurice, he fears, will be thought exaggerated by English readers.—Yet it is drawn from nature; from a person who not many years ago was a ploughman, but who by his merits has obtained the esteem of every one that has employed him, and his wife might bear comparison with Berghetta.

Englishmen scarcely credit the accounts given of the intelligence of the Irish. Even certain reviewers, who are tolerably conversant with Irish matters, do not seem to be aware of the ambitious style of the conversation of peasant wits in Ireland, and esteem the asseveration, which Miss Edgeworth puts in the mouth of an Irish genius, “by the pride of man, and the vanity of woman,” as above the reach of rustic style. Yet no one conversant with this class of society in Ireland would think so.

There would be less hesitation in admitting such facts, if writers, who treat on Irish affairs, would take more pains to discover and explain the causes of these variations from the usual course of society and manners in England.

Perhaps it will not be difficult to account for the conversational wit, intelligence, and suavity of manner, which the Irish possess in a superior degree to the English peasantry.

The English peasantry may be pretty generally considered as a domestic race of people—they

have the virtues of domestic habits, and the defects, if they may be called so, of a want of vivacity and conversation.

On the whole their character is well adapted to their station of life, and they are pretty much what one would wish a religious and industrious peasantry to be.

On the contrary, the habits of the Irish peasantry are all anti-domestic ; they miss no opportunity of being in society, and these perpetually occur ; hence the habit of conversation and art of manners are familiar to them.

Irish merry meetings of the lower ranks, though they may differ in the polish of the detail, have the same general effects as the more fashionable assemblies of the higher ranks ; funerals, wakes, and saints' days, though they have duty for their pretence, are all a species of route ; and when to these fairs, markets, races, occasional parties for a fight, hurling, or football match, and several night dances and card assemblies in each parish are added, and all eagerly attended, it may easily be conceived, that an Irish peasant is rather more sociable and polished than befits his station.

The causes which lead to this disturbance, as it must be considered in the order of society, appear to be principally these.

1st.—That landlords in Ireland generally throw upon the tenants the business of building, while the leases they give fall short of the length which a building lease ought to be. The peasantry have generally to build their own houses, and being

either possessed of no capital, or naturally unwilling to lay out any that they have to the reversionary profit of the landlord, they build houses of the most wretched description, usually of mud with clay floors, too often without windows and chimneys. It is impossible, that domestic habits should be formed in these horrid habitations, and the natural result is, that the whole family feel happier any where than at home.

2d.—Being generally illiterate, or at best possessing no books, they have no means of amusement at home during the long winter evenings; and as a substitute, assemble either at a neighbour's house, or a dancing house, where the conversation and amusement are of a very questionable description. The establishment of lending libraries in Ireland has already been found to check this evil.

3d.—As individuals, the Irish peasantry have been degraded and oppressed, and they are not connected in any manner with the civil business of the country, an evil that is aggravated by their exclusion from vestries.

An Irishman of the lower orders, individually, is dejected, timid, and spiritless; it is only in combinations and social confederacies that he feels himself a man, and that his natural energy and vivacity display themselves.

This seems to be the principal cause of the uncommon avidity, with which the lower orders in Ireland seize every pretence and opportunity for assembling together, and also for their proneness to

every kind of illegal combination: legally, they have no opportunity of escaping from their individual insignificance; in these, at least, they find that they are of sufficient importance, to make themselves feared.

And yet the tendency of all modern legislation, that concerns Ireland, is to render this exclusion of the lower orders from all participation in civil affairs more strict, and their separation from the higher orders more marked!

The peasantry in Ireland, compared with the same class in England, are distinguished by a very striking superiority in benevolence and charity. That they have long been a suffering race, may partly account for their compassionate temper and generosity. Virtues, like grosser commodities, generally exist in proportion to the demand for them; and in no country has suffering humanity presented a more importunate claim for mutual commiseration and assistance than in Ireland. But the difference, in its extreme degree, we should ascribe principally to the operation of the poor laws in the one country, and the absence of all legal provision for the poor in the other. It is evident, that, where the domestic and neighbourly affections in the one country are seldom called into exertion, they will exist in a very torpid degree—and where in the other country the remedy for all the casual evils of life is sought for only in their exertion, they will be in the same degree abundant and energetic.

The Author must now apologize for the length, to which this preface is extended. Irishmen



perhaps, when deprived of all other rights, are too apt to abuse the last privilege conceded to the unfortunate, the right to complain.

He hopes, however, that the English begin to consider Ireland with some little compunction for what has past, and some good resolutions for amendment in future.

The repeal of the Still-fine laws this session is a good omen, and he earnestly trusts, that another will not pass away without an example being shown, that it is possible for a nation to have a heart.

If any reader should feel disappointed in the want of dramatic interest in the following Tale, let him consider, that the Author's object is not to write a novel, but to place such observations on the manners of the Irish peasantry, as have occurred to him, in a less formal shape than that of a regular dissertation.



THE

## PRIEST OF RAHERY'S TALE.



I AM priest of the Island of Rahery. I shall soon follow the good and beloved that I baptized and buried, for my heart is not at home in this world, praise be to God. Yet while it is his good will that I should live in clay, let me still be enacting, if nothing for his glory, sinner that I am, something for his service.

Shall I not be called to account at the great harvest, what good seed I have sown, what full ears I have to show? there will be confusion for my own sins, and burning blushes for yours; sons and daughters mine!

How may I insense you with that wisdom, which is like the coals of fire upon the lips of the old, and which burns under the snows of age? My voice is grown weak and has a silly sound, and therefore you do not heed my exhortation. You see me about to die, and you already look upon my jurisdiction as a fire side chronicle. The young will never be persuaded by the aged, or the foolish by the wise, but the living will condescend to learn from the dead, for them they neither envy nor hate. The memory of the good multiplies

into virtues, and the moral fruits of succeeding ages derive their nutriment from the ashes of the past.

I observed, that at the College of St. Omer's there was mighty little good in the students, because there were no local traditions of excelling characters, that might give young minds a taste for goodness; every one there was come and gone so soon, no one was remembered—The same when I was chaplain on board *le Neptune*; every one set up for himself in vice and profanity, for a ship has no history; and every man thinks it would be a shame to be controlled by his messmate, but especially by his priest or his God.

What wonder then that we were delivered into the hands of the enemy, who carried us into Gibraltar, and who at least had so much respect for the vestments of religion, that they allowed me to go where I would, so that I did not remain in the town.—Spain was so convenient, that I would not want the opportunity of seeing a kingdom the more—I found that people proud and destitute; not that they wanted for gold, with the Indies in their hands; but they did not know what goodness meant, either at home or abroad—and where's the wonder—if you read their history it is a history of tyrants, the most pardonable of whom were the crazy ones. It did not therefore surprise me to see one of their bull fights, where a multitude of hired men and animals were set to contend, and encouraged by the ferocious acclamations of the spectators; and when one of the cavaliers was thrown, and gored, and trampled on, the ladies applauded the bull.

But when I came to Pau in Bearne, the birth place of the great Henri Quatre, I found that the small gossoons had a smack of generosity and loyalty in them, from sucking in the narratives of that great monarch with their mothers' milk. It was this circumstance reviving in my mind, which put me upon what I am about.—You all knew Mori-ertagh O'Neal and Berghetta his wife: are you not the better for their having lived amongst you? and can I give your children a greater blessing, than by setting before their eyes an exemplification of such industrious and sainted lives?

To begin from the beginning; Muirheartach, Mori-ertagh, or, as we call him, Maurice's grandfather, was a descendant from the antient house of O'Neal; yet of all the potency of his family he possessed nothing but a beautiful old pedigree written in gold on vellum, a mud cabin, and a score of acres of hungry ground, which the worthy M'Willan, prince of Clanreaguikie, bestowed on his forebearers, when they were driven out of Ty-rone. It was a grandson of that same M'Willan, who, when he was driven from his own fair and royal territory by king James and the Scotch M'Donalds, sold all they left him, and putting the money into one bag, shared it with his followers while it lasted, and so it became extinct.

I have it from tradition, that Maurice's grandfather rid his mind of all family pride, wisely I trow, and dedicated himself to black industry. His farm was cold and wet, and clung, and interspersed with lumps of rocks and roots of old yew trees, that once they say stood there as thick as in a forest; it was on the head land of Bengore, bitten by the wind, and not the better for the sea spray.

After spending his youth and strength on this ungrateful spot, he thought he had put some soul into it, and sowed it with corn; it promised well at harvest, but a storm, which scourged the whole kingdom, thrashed the corn clean out at the head land of Bengore, and he reaped only sixteen barrels of oats, where he had sown twenty-four. He sowed these same sixteen barrels again: ill luck betided the corn, it rained fifty days before St. Kevin's day, and a hundred days after; and was ripened only by the November frosts. A low born spalpeen would have been discouraged, but this O'Neal had the right blood in his veins, and though he was not proud, as I have already said, he was tenacious, and not to be beat down by accidents of wind and weather. There is a bay in the head land called Port na Spania, some of you know it, where one of the Spanish armada was wrecked: there are kelp rocks at the bottom, but to get to them you go down a precipice four hundred feet high by a very indifferent path. O'Neal's farm was entitled to a quarter of this bay, it might be about thirty square yards of rock. Well, the third year he would not trust entirely to the farm, but leaving that to his son David who was newly returned from sea, he and his wife laboured every day at cutting seaweed, and converting it into kelp. It told well, and the crops, though indifferently laboured by the sailor, were well headed and ripening fast, when this O'Neal accompanied by his wife slipped in going down the path, a thing unheard of before, though always counted dangerous, and was dashed upon the rocks. Though the widow, who was a sensible woman, I remember her well, told her son David that she had often and often heard her husband say, that he would wish for nothing so little as a fine funeral, and that it was very idle if not sacrile-



gious, to rob the living to be at a great expense about the dead, who also could know nothing about it; yet David, who had more of the pride of birth in him than the generality of his kindred, would have it otherwise; and there were to be pipes and tobacco, whiskey, two pipers and a blind fiddler, and even oats for the horses of all the friends that attended the wake, which of course were a great many; the singularity of the defunct's exit making a great talk in the country, every idle person was glad to be at the wake of the body to hear the particulars. All the money the family had was sunk in this wake; do not think that I make matters worse than they were, because you know I do not approve of wakes, for it was worse than this. David O'Neal had forgot the creditors: his father had been enabled to repair his losses partly by his good credit; but these very creditors, who had feasted and played their gambols at the wake, when they saw how the money was spending, thought right to secure themselves, and seized upon corn, cows, pigs, and poultry, and would scarcely spare the widow's feather-bed; so that David found himself heir to the land and mud cabin only with a mother and wife, (for he had married a pretty girl before he went to sea,) and a coming family to maintain. But his crops were good, and he had the value of some matter of prize money converted into plate; that is a silver watch, silver tobacco box and stopper, and a very large pair of silver knee and shoe buckles, with some outlandish finery picked up at different ports, of which he had either not inquired or had forgotten the use. These he sold: and as I was then lately come to the parish, being grown tired of foreign service, and sighing after my native country, sorry though it be, I purchased for four guineas a very



elegantly embroidered sort of mantle, to supply the place of the old altar cloth, which had fallen to pieces from the damp of the chapel. By these means David was enabled to purchase in the first instance a horse, but being quite an innocent naturally, and inexperienced from a sea life, he was imposed on, and bought a jade that was well remembered in the country for twenty years, and was not a young one neither when it was first introduced into those parts. When David found that a horse of thirty years standing might rank with a septuagenary, he became so afraid of his dying on his hands, and thinking he never could get too far from the danger he had escaped, he exchanged him with a piece of plate to boot, for a colt that was as useless from youth, as the garron was from old age. His father's misfortunes were compassionated because they were inevitable, but David's seemed the fruits of folly, and were held in derision. However, some landholders of the town, who had more nature than the rest, admitted him to a neighbour dealing, and joining his colt in the team with three of their horses, the plough was employed by turns in each man's farm.

It was singular, that though David never arrived to know a fat beast from a lean one, and was always obliged to get a neighbour to come and tell him when his corn was ripe ; and I believe was cheated besides in every bargain he made ; yet no one had better crops, no one had a cleaner house, or made money more rapidly. And indeed he deserved it, for passing his extreme simplicity, which yet had a winningness in it, there was no more respectable man ; he was industrious, though he had neither genius nor taste for farming, and as other farmers leave their work to run after a pack

of hounds, so he would throw aside his fac whenever a ship passed the head, and had always a long history for his wife, which from his great skill in these matters I verily think was often correct, of what country she came from, where she was bound, how much she had suffered in the last gale, where she was built, what she was laden with, and so on. Besides in one respect he was a real gentleman; for never would you hear his Maker's name profaned in his mouth, though an inadvertent oath might be more seemly in him, having been so long used to sea scurrility. He was also a man of reading, and great piety, paid much deference to his wife, and was tender of his children, for he had two.

I will tell you the manner of his death. These children, a boy and girl, might be about the age of eleven and twelve, when their father was seized with a violent sickness and drowsiness, which lasted some three days. Unhappily his wife had a distant relation in Isle Rahery, one of those old superstitious crones, who with their news and lies, antiquated usages, and preposterous legends, usurp a domination over families, and are mighty pretenders to skill in medicine. To give her her due, she had a knowledge of herbs and simples, and made an excellent water for curing the scab in sheep, yet so poisonous was its nature, that, if applied to a breeding ewe, she generally lost her lamb. Well, this beldame was sent for, Rose M'Cormick was her name, and she came with too great speed; she would cross the sea between Rahery and Ballycastle in the roughest weather, when in the calmest there is often a broken swell from the conflict of the tides that makes it dangerous; it was wonderful to see her coming full trot behind

a gossoon on the crupper of a horse without pillow or pillion under her. She was a woman of great size, yet agile withal, and so hardened by haps and hazards, that she had little personal feeling for herself, and less for any one else, except a son that she had indulged and spoilt from infancy.

I had heard that David O'Neal was ill, but judging it only the effects of cold that nature would relieve, I did not trouble myself to go to him, being at that time an indifferent Christian, though a middle-aged priest. But hearing that Rose M'Cormick had been sent for, I became uneasy, and sent one to desire her to attend me the next day. In the mean time I heard that he was affected with what the commonalty call a blast, (that is, an erysipelas) supposing from the suddenness of the attack, that it arises from some pernicious influence in the air; a violent swelling and redness being succeeded by pustules on the skin resembling blisters.

The next day, when Rose M'Cormick came, I asked her what ailed the man.

"He has gotten a water farcy, your reverence."

"A farcy, woman, what do you take him for a horse? I never heard of man or Christian having such a distemper."

"Please your reverence, there may be ailments in this country unlike to what there are in foreign parts."

"That's true any how, Mrs. M'Cormick, and may I ask if you have done any thing for the cure of this farcy."



"I will conceal nothing from the like of you, your reverence, though I do not wish to expose my nostrums to all the world," replied she. "I had him dipt seven times in Saint Burdoc's pool, and when he was put to bed, gave him a pill of sublimate of mercury."

"Out upon you, you old witch," I exclaimed, and worse than that (for I was then in the habit of indulging in many impious ejaculations,) "the first was enough to kill the man, you might have spared your pill."

"Old witch, old witch, old witch," muttered she, striking the floor very quick with a brown crooked handled cane she held in her hand, "if any one but a priest had put such a spot on me, this very night he should have had my curse on my bended knees. O your reverence, your reverence, troth you are a foul mouthed Christian."

"That's true, Mrs. M'Cormick, I confess," replied I, "for if you had killed twenty men, with a good intention, I had no business to have called you names."

Kill David O'Neal, however, she certainly did; the complaint was driven in on his brain, and he did nothing but rave till he died. I never saw any thing so moving as the grief of his darling children, while the poor wife sat like one amazed. But there was no want of stir where Mrs. M'Cormick was, and now she would dole out a scrap of consolation to the widow, and now give fifty directions for the waking of the body. I knew that it was no use to oppose this pagan rite, neither had Mrs. M'Cormick lost any of her predominance by



the failure of her prescription ; his time was come, and that being the case, a saint would have failed to cure him ; so I took my departure, grieving much for the widow and orphans.

The next morning I saw one of their neighbours standing before my window.

“ What news ? ” said I.

“ Please your reverence, I made bold to step over and ask your reverence’s interposition to save something for the desolate orphans, for Rose M’Cormick insists there must be another wake to-night, though the dead body’s friends are considerate and to a man against it ; otherwise there will not be a copper left for the childers’ maintenance.”

“ Another wake ! ” cried I, “ sure the woman’s beside herself, did ever any one hear, even in this island of superstition,—of a dead body being waked twice ? ”

“ Oh your reverence is out,” rejoined the man, “ sure you have not heard, then, that the wife, Peggy O’Neal, died this morning.”

“ Ah, well-a-day ! ” cried I, “ how’s that ? ”

“ Sure, there was an inhuman noise all last night, and the cratur was almost distract, she wrung her hands piteously ; but Rose M’Cormick said, it would get up her spirits to keep her with us while the gambols were going on, and, indeed, where else could she go ? the spare room was full of horses, the stable being but small ; but it was

all one, she regarded none of our plays and the like, but kept her eyes full on the corpse, lying laid out in the room all the while ; and early this morning, just before we parted, whether the noise was too much for her, being a delicate one always, or being kept too long from her natural rest having tended the sick so many nights before, or it might be pure grief, her heart burst, and she died but with one groan.”

I sent by this man a message to the big woman, that a public wake might be dispensed with, and only herself and a neighbour or two to watch at night, that something might be saved for the orphans.—What was her answer ?—“Heavens send that Father O’Brien is not a worse Catholic for his foreign breeding ; but let that be as it will, it shall never be said that this poor dead thing, born a M’Cormick, and married to an O’Neal, shall be buried without a wake, and that a decent one too.”—So refractory was she grown, in the conceit of her old customs and superstitions.

Well, I buried the two, and a great funeral Mrs. M’Cormick made of it ; proud enough she was, and looked as if she was drunk ; and nothing particular if she was, for there were two thousand people there, men and women, and not one but was drunk or noisy. “Better,” thought I, “my friends, if you had staid at home, and minded your industry.” But the Irish are full of ostentation, and mighty fond of being wherever there is a crowd, and then they flatter themselves withal, that this is being vastly good christians. But I said nothing, for I knew they looked on me in the light of half a foreigner.

I saw nothing of the orphans at that time, who became so dear to me afterwards, for I was ordered by my superiors to dwell in the island of Rahe-ry, where it was reported that religion was extinct. A sorry apostle was I; and little were they likely to be benefited by me, if it was so, but it was not. You are as good and creditable a flock as any in Ireland, sober, industrious, peaceable, stayers at home. There are no great crimes committed in Rahe-ry, and the smaller kind of petty delinquences are punished by a drench of seawater, the larger, by banishment to Ireland. Superstition, however, there is here, as elsewhere. It was about ten days after my arrival, I saw a woman, with nothing on her head, on her bare knees, for she had pulled her clothes from under them, and no object of adoration but an old thorn covered with bits of rags, that hung over a green well; however, this was it,—a holy well, famous for cures; the rags the testimonials, being the votive gifts of convalescents. As I approached, I saw the woman was Rose M'Cormick. She got up and made twenty curtsies, and then advanced zig zag, making a curtsy to the well at every turn. When she had crossed herself with the well water, as if it had been holy water, I called to her. "Come hither, Mrs. M'Cormick," for my conscience was ill at ease, at not having inquired farther about the orphans.

"Bless your reverence," cried she, "you quite startled me! I did not think that you would have been the one to disturb my devotions."

"Your devotions, woman!" said I, "why I thought you had been conjuring. But I want to ask you about David O'Neal's orphans."

"O ask me nothing about them, I have rid my heart of them quite and clean. The girl is uncontrollable, and the boy is the most unnatural aspic I ever laid eyes on; I thought he would have thrown the griddle at my head when I wanted to take his sister with me, and what does he do at last, watches his opportunity, and locks the door, and I on the outside, which I will remember as I would my prayers, to the longest day I live."

This account made me the more resolute to look after these children, and every day I thought the better of their judgment in turning out against this evil woman. What with her drugs, her tales, and superstitions, she was in the middle of every body's business, and every where doing mischief. It was only a few days after that a poor creature came to me, with his face all swelled, a horrid sight, and could neither speak nor eat. I found that he had suffered from a bad tooth-ache, and sending for Rose M'Cormick, she desired him to pound a green glass bottle coarsely, to mix it with whiskey, and work it briskly about in his mouth; the foolish fellow persisted in this cure, till his tongue and mouth became shockingly inflamed, and the muscles of his jaws so swollen and rigid, that he could not open his teeth, and had lived two days on suction. I desired him to stupe his jaws with a stone weight of wool, wrung out of scalding water, which immediately relieved him; but he seemed disappointed after all, that he was not cured by being read over. Indeed if I had chosen to act the religious impostor, I might have spoilt all Rose M'Cormick's trade, people with agues, and fits, and scrofula, and white swellings, came from all parts to have the Bible read over them, or to have me stroke the seat of the complaint; but it always



seemed impious to me, to allow these poor creatures to believe, that sinners like themselves could work miracles, even though a cure might sometimes be wrought by the strong agency of their own fancies; and its being so generally practised by priests, may give a colour to our enemies, to say we do not care by what means we keep up the influence of our clergy over their ignorant flock.—I said to them all, “If you want to be cured by conjuring, go to Rose M’Cormick.”

A year passed away, the most important in my life; for attending a sick creature I was surprised to find a number of well bound books in his house. They had belonged to a traveller, who had come to see the Giant’s Causeway, passed over into Rahrery to shoot gulls and sea parrots, overheated himself, and died of a pleurisy.

I borrowed some of them, they were all religious, and, though written by Protestants, yet having no heretical matter, and treating only on the main principles common to both churches, they made so deep an impression on me by convincing me that I had no religion in my heart, that my thoughts became one continual prayer to the Great God, that he would change my vain worldly, selfish hard, and proud temper, into a tender and pious one—You, my dear flock, must judge from my conduct if my prayers were heard—The first proof of a change was setting out for the main land with a resolution to bring David O’Neal’s orphans home to me.

When I got to the house, I concluded the poor things had been forced to give it up to some new possessor, more the pity when it had been so long

in the family, for the house was new thatched and white washed, and a very pretty garden with flowers and cabbages in it, things unseen before on the headland of Bengore.

As I approached, a young lass came out so tidy and genteel withall, that I could scarce recognise her for O'Neal's daughter, Una.

"My pretty one," said I, "I am glad to see you in such good case; then your poor father left more behind him than was supposed."

"Indeed he did not Sir," she replied, "we were poor enough at first, but Maurice is such a good manager, that he has brought every thing about, and we are now comfortable and decent without being obliged to any one."

"Maurice," exclaimed I, "why the boy is but a child! what could he do?"

"What can he not do?" replied Una, with a proudish look that became her well: "but will not your Reverence walk in, and I will go for Maurice to the field, for he never returns from the time he goes out to his work."

"No, don't go yet," said I, when I was seated, "for this all seems very amazing, and I want to ask you a question or two more. The house is staunch and clean, more so than ever I saw it in its best of days; you are tidy and smart too, and a garden into the bargain, and yet I cannot conceive, for the life of me, how the lad could even crop or stock his land."

“O, he found a good tenant, and set the land the first thing he did, for he said, the value of the time lost on the ground, without money to do things as they ought to be done, was more than any good that was got out of the ground—and it was better to set the ground and work for wages, and then he should be certain that both the farm and his own labour would pay something.”

“Then what do you do for a cow—what do you do for potatoes?”

“We never eat potatoes.”

“Never eat potatoes, pretty one—then how do you live?”

“Maurice lives on meat and wheaten bread, and drinks nothing but water, unless he takes tea with me in the evening.”

“Meat! tea! wheaten bread! Why how do you pay for it all? I believe your old grand-aunt, Rose M‘Cormick, has taught you to dream for gold.”

“I earn two-pence a day by spinning, and Maurice thirteen pence a day by his work. We get good meat for two-pence a pound, and bread for a penny, so after paying the week’s expenses, there is enough to buy clothes, something for charity, and to help a neighbour; and we have a strong box, with two guineas already in it, in case of sickness and accidents; all the rent of the farm will go for some years to pay our grandfather’s debts.

“My pretty maid,” said I, for I would not interrupt her, “if I did not know the veracity of your family, I should think you were rhodomontading. Maurice earn thirteen pence a day, when the best man in the parish only gets sixpence !”

“Yes ; but Maurice works task work, and as he is so well fed, he says he is able to work better than many grown up men. Indeed, he says eating meat is the cheapest and best, for besides being able to earn so much more, he can take his cold meat and bread with him, and look for work five miles off ; but if he ate potatoes, I should be forced to carry them twice a day through all weathers, which would oblige him to work only near home ; besides, I should lose the most of what I earn by spinning, and wear out my shoes and clothes ; have to pay for medicines two or three times a year, from colds ; and what he thinks worst of, be in company with all the labourers during their meals, without mentioning the idle tattered girls who carry them their meals ; and any how he cannot endure that I should leave the house unless he is with me. Now he takes his cold meat and bread with him, and asks no more till he comes home to supper.”

“God love your brother, child,” said I, “I never heard the like before : where is he ? for my heart will not be at ease till I see him.”

“He is about two miles off, but if your reverence will have patience the while, I will run and bring him ; he will not mind my going alone, when he hears that you are at home, where there has been nothing holy for a long time.”



"Run you shall not," said I, "but stay here till I visit a neighbour or two, and by that time your brother will be back; and if you have a wad of straw in any corner, I will sleep here to night, preferable to the best house in the parish."

"Then come and see your bed," said the charming maid, giving me her hand, "many's the envious heart there will be to night, when it is known the honour we have got; but we will not rejoice the less for that."

She showed me a tidy room and a white bed, that might have served a Cardinal.

"This is my room," said she, "which you shall have, with a pair of sheets of my own spinning."

"And where, love, will you sleep?"

"Oh never mind, I have settled it all just as I know my brother would have it; here you sleep, that's all; I shall sleep in his bed, and he will sleep on the wad of straw by the kitchen fire—but it will go hard with him if he had not a spare bed by another year."

I went my ways, as I said, and though I had a great opinion of the blood of the O'Neals, which in spite of poverty and depression still would speak out in some of its ancient splendour, yet what I had seen and heard surprised me. The girl was grown the handsomest creature I had ever seen, something of the kind I had seen in Spain, her eyes were large, and of a velvet black, with very long eye-lashes, her teeth beautiful and regular, and her cheeks rudred. She had no brogue or accent, but an ease, jauntiness, and gentility of

manner, quite uncommon—and the boy seemed to have all the industry of his forefathers, with more conduct to boot.

I went to rate half a score of my flock, who had been leagued in plundering a wreck, and after dining with one of the most respectable of them, I returned in the evening to O'Neal's tenement.

Maurice was returned from his work, and at the first sight my heart warmed to him; his face and forehead were full of nobleness, and I ceased to be surprised at what his sister told me of the produce of his labour, for he was very large and robust for his age, with a look of great sagacity and graveness, indeed, to describe his countenance once for all, it seemed to feel more and think more than any visage I ever saw.

After I had inquired into his affairs, and found them pretty much as his sister had represented, she made tea for us, and no court lady could entertain her company with more ease and agreeableness. No, thought I, the stock of the O'Neals will never degenerate, graft it as you will with briars; still its flowers are roses.

After his sister Una had retired to her room, I told Maurice with what intention I had come; make your home with me, I will instruct you in the Greek and Latin writers, which can do no harm to any man, that you may at least be on a par with the mountaineers, who are very good scholars; and what religious instruction I am capable of, I will give you; but for that you had best read your testament, and pray yourself to God, who is the only effectual teacher.—Maurice

thanked me in very well chosen terms, but said, for the present he had best remain as he was, till he could gather money enough to place his sister in some respectable family, as that lay most upon his mind. He had no relations that could take care of her; if Mrs. M'Cormick had been a decent person, he would have taken her into the house, but she was quite drunk the night before she went. He had since been very much disturbed by a visit from his cousin, her son, Merritt M'Cormick, which had obliged him to stay at home a whole week, for he would not leave his sister an instant in his company.

"And what do you think of that cousin of yours?" said I.

"Bad enough," replied Maurice; "he is a pickthank, a flatterer, and a liar, with a great share of acuteness and drollery, and as handsome as an angel."

I asked if he had any instruction for himself and his sister. He said he had: he took her on Sundays to an English gentlewoman, who had been left by the death of her husband, an officer, so destitute, that to maintain herself and daughter she had been obliged to open a school; and he preferred it to another, on account of the goodness of the lady's accent; "besides," said he, "she comes here at odd times, and gives Una instructions in needle-work, and is so obliging as to lend us her books, which are very good books. But," added Maurice, "if your Reverence would really condescend so much, I would think nothing, after I had left Una at school on Sundays, of borrowing a boat, and rowing to Rahery, and if your

Reverence could afford me half an hour only to put me in the way of what I should learn, I would engage to turn it to account in the course of the week. Even if I returned too late to bring Una home, I dare say Mrs. Clifford would let Una sleep with her daughter."

I approved his reasons, and arranged it so accordingly; and every Sunday would this indefatigable boy row from the little Bay of Bengore to Rahery, and return in the evening. The weather was seldom so rough but he ventured across, and it was often with an anxious eye that I watched his little boat,—now appearing,—now lost from sight behind a swelling wave. Latterly, however, he did not return till the Monday morning, as he found that his sister Una derived great improvement from being with Mrs. Clifford, and he was satisfied that she should stay there the whole of Sunday.

Maurice's advance was the more rapid, and as he knew how short the time was that he could spare from his daily labour, he turned every moment to account. And here I learnt how much more a boy accomplishes, who studies from his own good will, than one who has it thrashed into him; for Maurice, with only a few hours' instruction, on odd Sundays, learnt five times as speedily as any student I had ever known, and at the end of three years, the scholar, I confess, was wiser than the master. There was a long interval, even in this time, when I could give no instruction, being wholly occupied in suppressing tumults among the populace. The English, however gentle at home, were always severe and unnatural towards the Irish subjects, whom they



sometimes considered as holding by right, sometimes by conquest, so that never was more aptly instanced that saying of the great historian,—“*Habent inimicos ut alienos, viles tanquam suos.*” An act of the English Parliament, which prevented the importation of the usual Irish commodities into that country, produced a sudden stoppage of trade and industry. The farmers could get no sale where the tradesmen were ruined, and began to turn off their labourers, who, in a kind of desperate idleness, took to drinking and nightly meetings. The vain young fellows who cut a dash at fairs and wakes, and hurling matches, and are always desirous to head they don’t care what, gathered them in large bodies on the bogs and mountains, and frightened the whole country out of their wits: then the laws, and the magistrates, and the army made bad worse, so that it was only by flying about like a will-o-the-wisp, that I brought the misguided people to a sense of their interest and duty, which is always to be peaceable and patient.

During these three years, Maurice had been earning and saving money so fast, that it seemed to grow in his hands; but in his hands thrift was the fuel of kind deeds; and though he had it much at heart to be able to stock and crop his land, and hold again the land that had been ploughed by so many of his forefathers, his first care was, to procure a safe and honourable residence for his sister Una. Mrs. Clifford had told him, that she knew an infirm old lady of quality, in London, who wanted a young companion to read to her; but she was far from wealthy, and could give but a very small salary; and it would be necessary for Una to be provided with handsome clothes, as the lady, who

was of an old Catholic family, saw the best company, and had a sister greatly married in France, who was one of the ladies of the palace, and whom she occasionally visited.

By the time that Maurice had saved what money was needful, he had every thing prepared, the lady written to, and expecting Una's arrival. Maurice accompanied her both for her protection, and that he might see the lady to whom he was going to intrust her, being resolved to bring her back again rather than leave her with any one, with whom either her virtue or happiness might suffer:—it was a long journey, and seemed a perilous one too for these children like, with no better directions than what I could give them; but letters I gave them, addressed to pious ecclesiastics in Dublin and London, removed many embarrassments, and they reached their journey's end in safety. And here I pin to the paper the first letter I ever received from Maurice.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,

Una is settled to my heart's content, with the prettiest old lady you can imagine, grave in her manners, and good you need not doubt, when I tell you that father Mansfield says he knows none better. If I did not already owe all the thanks a heart can entertain, I ought to add a thousand for your letter to father Mansfield, which has made every thing pleasant in this great town, where otherwise we should have been sadly perplexed or worse. Lady M'Cartney seemed very much surprised at Una, and would not at first believe, that she could have been brought up in so low a station; and asked me seriously, if she was

not of greater rank than I represented her. This was very flattering to Una; but I told her she might depend on my speaking the truth, as I hope indeed that nothing would make me tell a lie. But when I saw that she laid so much stress on good birth, I went for the ancient pedigree, which you desired me to show to her, and explained to her our direct descent from Shane, the eldest son of the great O'Neal, which son was imprisoned by the bastard Hugh, commonly called earl of Ti-rone, who usurped his kingdom which he afterwards lost, with the ruin of his whole sept, in the war he waged with Queen Elizabeth, but I forget that I speak to you who know all this already. Lady M'Cartney said that she had given up much of her time to the study of heraldry, and examined our pedigree with great attention—she asked me to leave it with her, which I of course did; the next time she saw me, these were her very words. “After looking over this interesting document, which leaves no doubt that your sister exceeds my own family (not a new one), and most of the noblest in this country, in nobility and antiquity, I blush to retain her without a stipend in a dependant situation; and if you can point out a way, in which I can place her in one more becoming her merit, I will gladly embrace it.” I replied “that the providence of God arranged the different ranks of men, and when by such long adversity he had so clearly condemned the race of O'Neal to a subordinate state, it would be an irreligious, as well as a foolish pride, to think one deserved any thing better. That one good quality of its former rank our family had still retained, in not being mercenary; and that both Una and I would infinitely prefer her remaining without any emolument, with a lady every way so respectable,

to being placed in greater affluence where her manners or principles might be tarnished." Lady M'Cartney was pleased to seem much gratified with this answer; and she treats Una as her daughter. On Una's part, she admires every word and every motion of Lady M'Cartney, and we should be quite happy, were we not so soon to separate.

You desired me to tell you what I thought of England, and as I have so short an opportunity of seeing it, I have kept my eyes awake the whole day.

In one respect, chance favoured me; when Una went to Lady M'Cartney's I took a cheap lodging, a little way out of town, with a widow woman; here a young farmer, named Headcroft, whom she had nursed, came to see her twice; the first time hearing I was an Irishman, he seemed averse to speak to me, for I am sorry to find, dearest sir, that our countrymen, with their love of drinking, their quarrels, and the shameful way they conduct themselves on Sunday, are held in such disrepute here, that no decent people will speak to them. However I suppose, the widow said something in my favour, for the second time, the young man seemed inclined to converse with me, and asked me several questions respecting myself. You would have laughed to see his natural stare, when I told him I was a common Irish labourer; he would not believe it, my clothes he said, (for I had bought new ones not to disgrace Una,) I might buy or borrow, but my language and carriage were quite those of the gentlefolks, and



where could I have got them, unless indeed I had been in service in some great family. It was no wonder he was surprised, for he himself, though neatly dressed, spoke in a loud rough voice, and in such a dialect, that I could scarcely understand him, though I understood every word that lady M'Cartney said; at last I convinced him by offering to thresh or dig a ditch with him; I would venture nothing else, for I had already observed how much better they do all other kind of work here than with us. He asked me if I could shear; and when he found I could, invited me to his father's sheep-shearing, which I gladly accepted, and he said he would drive over in his father's little covered cart to bring me. Notwithstanding the homeliness and roughness of his manners, there was an honesty, good sense, and friendliness in my new acquaintance, which made me esteem him. But guess my surprise, when on his departure the widow told me his father was worth two thousand a year! Why with us a man who is worth only two hundred a year sets up for an idle gentleman.

I began to feel quite ashamed at the conviction that I was better bred, and spoke better, till I recollected that it arose from the instructions I had received from your bounty. Yet certainly this wealthy rusticity is more respectable than our tawdry indigence, which always neglects substance, and strives at appearance.

I was glad to leave London, for as Lady M'Cartney had said nothing to me on the subject, I did not know whether she approved of my

calling at her house, and Una would have been miserable, knowing me so near and not seeing me. When my young friend, for so I may now call him, came for me next day, I asked him to go with me there, partly to tell Una of my intention, and partly that he might see that I was connected with something in England. Una came down to us, and when she heard my purpose, she gave one look, and would not condescend to give another, at my companion, whose eyes settled on Una in one unceasing stare, from the time she entered till we departed. She gave me an animated account of her happiness with Lady M'Cartney, and ended by bursting into tears at the thoughts of my departure, and ran away, without even a curtsy to Mr. Headcroft. But he, recovering from his stare when the object was flown, began again accusing me of falsehood, saying that I must be a gentleman, if that glorious girl, as he called her, was my sister. I laughed at his doubts, and assured him that Una could milk a cow, or churn, as well as his father's dairy maid, though she looked slight and genteel; and that her present situation, in point of gain, was inferior to that of a lady's maid. However, as we drove along, I explained to him the former greatness of the O'Neal family, and by what means it had sunk into extreme poverty; yet still its indigent descendants, knowing their ancient greatness, were ambitious to attain to education and good manners, though they despaired of retrieving the prosperity of their house. This a little relieved his perplexity, and he began to drop something of the suspicion with which he still seemed to regard me. And

oh what a sight to me was an English farm-house and farm! every thing within so clean, light-some, airy, and orderly; all the yards so neatly swept; the garden and shrubbery so trim; the men so decent, the maids so tidy; the ground so well laboured, not a weed—no scutch; gates to every field, hedges too, and all clipped; and such waggons and carts, and in such profusion, with houses for all, to save them from sun and weather. But oh, the horses! the horses! never shall I forget the first time I saw a waggon and the eight noble animals that drew it, I could have fallen down on my knees to them, as they went by; and indeed, though while I was on foot about the farm, seeing and admiring every thing, I was as gay as the blaze of the sun; yet when we came home in the evening, and there was no conversation like yours, my dear sir, to call one out of oneself, I thought of our miserable cats of garrons, and logs of cars, the naked fields, and all the desolation of the headland of Bengore, I became so sad, that when I was left alone with young John Headcroft, the tears came so fast from my eyes that I could not hide them. He stared at me, but thinking it was because I felt strange among new acquaintance, told me he was like an old acquaintance with me already, and his father and all the rest would be in a day or two. I said that his farm was a darling spot of ground, and I was quite obliged to him for bringing me to it; but when I made him understand what it was that had come across my mind, “Cheer up, my lad,” said he, “if that is all, I will bring father’s waggons and team over to you, and set all things to rights,” and he was quite in earnest; but I who knew

how all our self-sufficient boobies would set their heads against any thing new, shook my head, and could not help telling him of our Sir Phelimy French, who brought over an English waggon and horses, but forgot to bring a driver, and when he ordered it out, it came round with eight drivers, one to every horse, and the horses not knowing what was meant by *hup* and *hough*, and the drivers as little understanding what they called the humours of the waggon, it was overturned into the ha-ha, pronounced a folly, and left to rot, no office being large enough to hold it. Young Headcroft roared with laughter at this account, but said he would bring the waggon and team notwithstanding, and put on his smock frock and drive it himself.

The next day I was very busy, getting my companion to acquaint me with all their methods; what bunglers we are, and idle, careless bunglers too, compared with them! There is a part of an English farming man's life which an Irishman does not live; that is between four and six o'clock in the morning. Every body here rises before four in winter: in Ireland no one gets up till half past five in summer, nor till half past seven in winter; partly from the laziness that sticks to their bones, partly that they think candlelight too expensive, not knowing that light and labour make the two halves of a farmer's fortune. An English labouring horse is rubbed down and fed twice in a winter morning; before seven o'clock the ploughmen and carters have all got their hot breakfasts, and are ready to start by the first sparkle of light; once out, they never return till the work is



finished, and only stop for ten minutes about nine, while the men eat a morsel of bread and cheese and the horses a lock of hay. They come home at two o'clock, having done twice the work we do, in one hour's less time ; and there is the whole evening, with a good portion of daylight, to feed and dress their noble animals as they deserve. While with us eight o'clock is an early hour to get to the field in winter, where the horses go without their oats ; at nine or half past they are to be unyoked, and brought back to the stable to be fed ; the men have no time to tend them, for they must get their breakfasts, and in half an hour all hurry to the field again.

The same operations are repeated, with the same neglect of horses, at one, when all return to dinner. Away they hurry again in an hour, to get some work done before dark, and when night approaches, they return home full trot ; the horses are turned to drink, which from this constant habit of heats and chills they are able to do without being destroyed ; there is no candlelight, and the men, cold, comfortless, and often wet, hurry over dressing the horses, cram their racks with hay, and all care is over.

I have known horses in Ireland go a mile in winter to plough, which they must go full trot, or there would be little time left to work ; so that they have to trot six miles in addition to their work, where in England they would only have walked two. Time with us is spent in going to do things, rather than in doing them. You know my fondness for horses, which has led me so far, that I must omit mentioning many

other differences that I have observed, and all, I must confess, to the advantage of the people here ; they have even a variety of tools that we have no notion of. We have no such thing as a yoke to carry milk pails ; though we burn so much land, we have no breast-plough for a man to cut sods ; we have not even such things as fencing gloves, but with us, when a man wants to cut a hedge, he puts his left hand into his hat, as the best means of handling the thorns.

With us labour is called slavery ; here they have a pride in it, and young Headcroft told me, that he should not be able to hold up his head, if he was not able to mow, reap, thrash, drive a waggon, and do every thing else better than the other lads. At first I own I neither liked young Headcroft, nor any of his family, they seemed so little agreeable ; but they improved every day, and when I began to reflect on all the vicious and pernicious qualities of our “ hail fellow, well met, and lively boys,” I was obliged to give the preference to the homely English. What will Merritt M<sup>c</sup> Cormick think of the young fellows here, when he hears that they do not know how to dance ? and yet, when I saw them in their clean white smock frocks, sitting quietly in the farm kitchen on Sunday, and listening to old Mr. Headcroft reading the Bible, or reading some religious book themselves, I wished that I could be sure that Merritt was at the same time as well employed. Yet there certainly are great faults in the character of this people, for they were striking in all of them. They are always thinking of themselves, and eat up with conceit and

selfishness. They either pride themselves in a coarse unfeelingness, or fall into an affectation of humanity, which equally proves them destitute of all heart and nature. I heard of and observed instances of extreme obduracy between the nearest connexions, which were shocking. Even aunt M'Cormick, beast as she is, would share her last meal with a cousin, and would never say an uncivil word to a stranger. They are also great vaunters, and when they do talk, every thing they say is with an air, but clumsily concealed, of exalting themselves, or something belonging to them. The same selfishness makes them gluttons both in meat and drink; all their farming merits and virtues, which are without end, seem to have no other object but the gratification of this gross sensuality. And the only unpleasing object you see about the farm is the possessor, who, at a middle age, is literally crammed with ale and meat; and is swollen into an enormous disproportion of flesh, to which I never saw any thing similar in Ireland. It is the strangest shape! a pig, when he gets fat, fattens at all points, and still keeps a certain symmetry; but an English farmer flattens down as he gets bloated, and if it was not for the immense number of these shapes that you see, who keep each other in countenance, I should think that they would be ashamed to appear abroad. These people too have no look, language, or manner, that expresses affection, but they are great critics of proprieties; and I found from young Headcroft, that the unguardedness of my Irish manners had led me into a great many offences against what they considered good breeding. All their conversa-

tion too consists in commonplace observations, which extreme inanity seems to arise as much from the coldness of their hearts as from the poverty of their imaginations. Yet notwithstanding these great deficiencies in manners and character, in point of conduct, and the virtues of their station, they far exceed us. I was surprised at the difference between an English and an Irish fair : at the latter, every species of the grossest fraud is practised ; and a man can scarcely do business to any extent, from the perpetual wrangles he is engaged in to avoid imposition : but in an English fair, words are binding oaths, and business passes on quietly and speedily. Another great and pure feature they possess, which it grieves my heart to know how sadly we want,—their women never drink. Almost every vice of our character I could confess here, but I should have died with shame to have allowed this. As I found that to work well was the only thing that gave a man credit here, I set out with the mowers,—as you know that I am reckoned a first rate hand among ourselves ; but I soon found that I had need of all my Irish indifference to success, to keep me in countenance ; for though I made twice the efforts of my companions, I could but just keep up with them ; and while they cut close, and even without distressing themselves, my mowing, with all my exertions, was execrable ; being used to our straight handled scythes, I stooped too low, and did not understand the set of mine ; so that I was the derision of the whole field. At last one of them, better natured than the rest, said, “ Lord love thee, lad, thou wilt kill thyself, and break thy back at this fashion ; what



queer sort of a tool hast thou been used to cut with?" So, desiring me to stand more upright, and setting my scythe not quite so flat, I found that I could mow with much more ease than ever I had done before, and before I left the field, they all pronounced that I promised well.

In the evening I had my revenge; for while the men were boasting after their fashion of their feats of activity and strength, I took up a half hundred weight, and challenged them to try who would throw it the farthest. I threw it a few steps; all the men tried again and again, but could not throw so far. Young Headcroft strained with all his might, but fell far short: and after several attempts, each being less successful than the first, he grew peevish and angry. I again took the weight, and exerting myself for the honour of my country, if honour it can be called, with that peculiar spring of the whole body from the ground, which you, dear sir, have seen on many a market day, I flung the weight three times as far as I had done at first. They all seemed astonished, and would try no more: but young Headcroft said it was all a trick, he was sure. "No trick at all," I replied, "but only practice: what made you mow better than I this morning makes me fling a weight better than you this evening." However, he was so much put out of his way by being outdone, even in so trifling a matter, that it was not till I had put myself under his tuition again, and he had an opportunity of showing his superiority in many ways, that he recovered his temper. Indeed it was impossible to see him so adroit, athletic, and active in the field, without admiration; while

the care, order, and method, with which he caused every thing to be done, showed that his mental were equal to his bodily powers. His father was justly proud of him, and while he passed most of his time drinking ale, smoking before his door, or riding on a fat easy pad to fairs and markets, he left all the labour of the farm to his son.

I had often wished for a friend of my own age, and sometimes thought I could have found such a one in young Headcroft, for the sincerity and bluntness of his English manners appeared to me something new and admirable ; but his eternal attention to maintain his superiority in frivolous matters gave him a cold and captious manner ; and though he was obliging enough to me, he was overbearing to his inferiors, and often violent and unjust.

A few days after my arrival, while we were washing the sheep, Headcroft was teasing a young fellow something older with commonplace wit, and practical jokes, and I think was making an opportunity of showing me his prowess in boxing : for the young fellow seemed to suspect his intention, for, losing his patience—“ I tell you what, young master,” he said, “ if your blood is so hot to day that it wants cooling, I am your man :” and began to strip off his smock-frock and shirt. From this challenge Headcroft had neither the power nor inclination to withdraw. A ring was made with much glee and vociferation, and the combat began.

Though these boxing matches in fact often exhibit more generous courage than our mod-

ern campaigns, yet undoubtedly it is very inhuman to take delight in looking at them; and this same savage temper, which Christianity put an end to at Rome, has been renewed in England, by that sickening affectation of honest coarseness and brutality, which is mistaken for manliness in this country. For my part, knowing it in vain to interfere, where so much sport would be lost to the spectators by a reconciliation, and having no desire to see any one, much less a person I was inclined to call my friend in such a plight, I staid to mind the sheep, and thought on the different ways in which quarrels were managed here and in Ireland: and in this instance I cannot but allow, that the English show themselves as generous as we are base, cowardly, and savage. For in England a man always depends upon his own courage, he never tries to raise a party or faction to join him in fighting; whereas it is only backed by a mob of friends that an Irishman will fight.—In England too it would be reckoned a monstrous shame and scandal for two men to fall upon one, or to strike a man when on the ground; but in Ireland, twenty men will basely fall upon one, and it is when they have him down on the ground, that all their savage revenge gluts itself, by trying to beat him to death.—In England too a man disdains to use any other weapon but those that nature has given him—his clenched fists: but an Irish combatant never thinks himself fit for action without a stick, generally loaded with lead; or will seize a knife, to have his revenge.

The combat ended as I expected, in favour of young Headcroft; who returned home in tri-

umph to wash the blood off his face, accompanied by all the workmen, applauding his prowess. The other young fellow, like all people wanting success, was deserted. Some of his companions helped him on with his clothes, and then followed the rest. I found him very much hurt and bruised, and in such pain from a blow he had received in the loins, that he never would have reached his home that day without my help.

I was well rewarded for my trouble, by seeing a perfect pattern of a comfortable English cottage : but at first I had not leisure to examine it, for the young man, whose name was John Mapleton, retched violently, and grew so ill, that finding there was no apothecary near, I made his father and mother put him to bed, and bled him myself ; but he still continued in great pain, till I caused his side to be stuped, which gave him relief. His mother was alarmed at his situation, and was unwilling to let me go : she pressed me much to stay there that night, and I was so ill pleased with John Headcroft's treatment of this young man, that I felt inclined to comply ; but then reflecting that he had been kind and hospitable to myself, I did not think it right to do any thing that would give him offence, so returned before night.

I found that John Headcroft had been uneasy at my staying away, and cleared up at my return, when we were alone, and he asked me why I staid so late : I told him honestly, that I thought so ill of his demeaning himself in the manner he had done, and putting himself even



below one of his father's workmen, that I had thoughts of not returning again. He heard me with more patience than I expected ; and when I told him that Mapleton was seriously hurt, he turned quite pale ; and spoke with so much regard for the young man, and so much sorrow for the provocation he had given him, that I became quite reconciled to him. Indeed, he said, it was partly owing to my casting the weight so much farther than he, which put him upon showing me some proof of his strength, and he only fixed upon John Mapleton, because he knew that he was the stoutest and most courageous lad among the men. I said something of the folly of caring so much for this kind of superiority, and then let it drop, for I found him really generous at heart, and afflicted at what he had done.

The next morning I went again to see John Mapleton, and found him still confined to his bed ; his Bible lay by his side, which he had been attempting to read, but could not raise himself sufficiently to read with ease. I offered to read to him, which he thankfully accepted : and when I laid by the book, and naturally fell into discourse on holy subjects, he spoke with a warmth and earnestness, which surprised me in an Englishman ; and I stood convicted to myself of having much the colder heart of the two in the most material point. Why is it, my dear sir, that when my spirits kindle, when touched by excellence of any kind, here alone, where every excellence of character and precept is displayed, my soul is languid and inert,

and every idle thought has power to divert me from this sublime and heart-moving book?

I found the family of the Headcrofts, with the exception of their son, now less agreeable to me, as they seemed to consider my going to the Mapletons as taking a part against their son—but it must have been a much weightier reason that would have prevented my going—I therefore did not return till late in the evening, when the father and mother were gone to bed, and I sat up an hour or two with John Headcroft, before we went to ours. I principally tried to dissuade him from a habit he was beginning, of drinking a vast quantity of ale and some spirits; but he saw me held in such derision by the rest of the family, for drinking no strong liquors, that I found, to my sorrow, for I began to have a real regard for him, that I only beat a rock and gathered foam. I returned with increasing pleasure to the more homely and sober fare at the Mapletons' cottage, which, with the exception of strong beer and spirits, was equally abundant and comfortable as at former Headcroft's, with the advantage of a pious, grateful, and friendly disposition, which marked every member of the family; there was his sister, whom, though I never heard her speak but once, I could have looked at for hours, to fix in my mind the exact model of how one would wish a good girl to be fashioned in manner, feature, and dress. His mother was a spare, small woman, with high, stiff stays, looking at least ten years older than she was; yet to see the quantity of work she got through in a day, besides settling, polishing, and cleaning

every thing in the house, and about the house, would amaze one of our clever girls, as they are called, who wear out clay floors by dancing jigs, and have long trains to their gowns.

The father walked stiff, and had a great stoop from using their short handled spade and shovel.—After he returned from his day's work, he used to take a turn at his own garden, and in three hours in the evening, did more and better work, than an Irish labourer would do in a whole day. It was all from the short handled spade: their spade is all spade, and will lift twice as much as our broadest shovel; our fac is all handle, it lifts but little, and half of that falls off, as we do not lift with our arms, but by sticking one knee under the long handled fac, a thing which no Englishman would comprehend. When I return, I will make my fortune by cutting three feet off the handle of my fac.

I have been several days without adding any thing to this long letter, but as I shall have no opportunity of sending it, till a friend of Mr. Mansfield's goes to Ireland, I still can indulge myself in that greatest pleasure, seeming to hold converse with you.—Dear sir, how often do I think of you, and never without affection and gratitude.

I wish I could scratch out all I have said against the English, for this family of the Mapletons convinces me, that we have nothing half so good in Ireland, and I believe there are many, many such in England; but quiet, virtuous people are little noticed. Here good peo-

ple seem contented to be known only to God ; but in Ireland the best must converse, and walk about, and smoke tobacco. I wish, dear sir, you could see this cottage, where every thing is so still and clean ; every room has two large windows, that are brightened and cleaned every day ; the house is surrounded with a flower garden, that has twenty flowers that I never saw—the path up to the door is paved, with a boarded railing on each side ; the floor of the house is three steps high, and paved with brick, so that it is quite dry ; and as it is swept every day, and covered with sand, there is not a trace of mud to be seen ;—the walls are covered with roses, but what surprised me most, was the quantity and value of the furniture ; there is a complete set of kitchen furniture and pewter, two mahogany tables, and a mahogany chest of drawers, an excellent eight day clock, a bookcase and very good books, a dozen of excellent oak chairs, a set of china, a great chest full of linen, and thirty flowerpots of beautiful greenhouse plants, in the kitchen only ; there are two sitting rooms small, but completely furnished, as are all the bed rooms with excellent feather beds, and in the out offices there is nothing wanting a labouring man could wish for. And yet, I do not find that they ever earned more than a labouring man and his family could do in Ireland, if they worked well.

Old Mr. Mapleton told me, that he and his wife had saved seventy pounds before they married, so that they were able to furnish their cottage decently, and he added, that though his was something larger, almost every labourer's cot-



tage was as well provided. He could scarcely believe me, when I told him that our labourers in Ireland married without having any furniture provided, and often without a house over their heads. One thing I particularly admired, which was, that neither hen, nor pig, was allowed to come near the house—the pigs were shut up in a sty, and the hens had their wings clipped, and a little ladder was set for them to climb to their roost. A pig that goes about a house, as with us, certainly destroys more than he is worth, besides making every thing dirty and unwholesome; and he behaves well, if in the end he does not breed a fever. The first destruction of an Irish cabin commences with the hen, which flies up on the thatch, and scratches for an odd grain of corn; no one regards her, or the hole she makes; here the rain penetrates the thatch, not indeed so much at first as to enter the house, so it is little thought of, but it lodges on the mud wall, softens it more and more, till a sharp winter's frost bursts the wall; and the cold weather, or the villain that worked the mud, bears the blame.

One thing makes me very proud, which is to find how much like an English body my darling Una managed our poor cabin. She had all these sort of tidynesses, and careful thoughts. But I do a great wrong to this choice family, to talk so long about what is mere outside, the cleanliness, purity, and propriety, which is seen here, arises from the same qualities in their minds, and you will think still more highly of them, when you know that they all spring from religion.

Praising Mrs. Mapleton for the cleanliness of her house, she replied; “I should think myself

a bad Christian if it were otherwise ; if I were to get a gift from a friend, the least I could do, would be to keep it neat and clean ; and are not all the things I have gifts of God ? The very flowers in our garden He gives for our pleasure ; and would it not be a sin, to let them be soiled, or overrun with weeds ? How much more then, if I had let my children, who when young were as pretty as spring flowers, grow up in dirt and slovenliness ? I often think of our blessed Saviour's washing his twelve disciples' feet, that it was intended to instruct us to be cleanly, as well as humble. And sinners as we are, yet temples of the Holy Ghost, we ought therefore to keep our body as free from stain as possible, that it may be so far worthy of its heavenly inhabitant. But even if cleanliness were not a christian duty, it merits favour on its own account.—I am certain it saves a world of apothecaries' stuff, at least we have never had occasion for any in our house, and it is my belief, that if children are kept quite clean, they will seldom be sick ; besides, it makes them comfortable in themselves, and good humoured, with a more loving feeling towards their parents, and more amenable, so that I look on it, that for children to be quite clean is at least half way to their being good."

I have put by themselves the remaining odd sheets of the dear child's letters, because he spoke of me therein better than I merited. I got his letter, the matter of a month before he returned himself, for he travelled back on foot, that he might leave every copper he had to spare with his sister, except a *Virgilius cum notis va-*

riorum, which he complimented me with. The Headcrofts wished him good bye at parting, that was all, not one of them gave him a shake of the hand, which is inconceivable to me, only young Headcroft, he said, "looked disconcerted." But when he returned to Ireland, he said, he recollected a great deal more good in them, than he had noticed while he was with them—but he was mightily taken with the good Mapletons; the young man followed him to town, with a present of a large cheese of his mother's making.

He too, though he lingered and lingered, would have parted with a leaden good bye, but Maurice knowing his nature, shook both his hands, then he wept out, and if it had not been for duty to his parents, would have followed Maurice to Ireland. As it was, he begged Maurice to give him some kind of direction to find him, for that he would find him out if he did not die, and if he did, he would remember his kindness to him to the last.

"And how," said I to Maurice, after he had been telling me of the wonders of wealth he saw in England, "how will you feel yourself in your mud cabin now?"

"Nothing worse," says he, "in truth, father, though I often admired, I seldom envied the English; they pamper themselves too much; they are poisoned with roses. And more is the pity, for they are the cleanest, cleverest, and most industrious people you could cut out, if you had the making of them with a pair of scissars;

and I trust I shall profit all my life long by having been amongst them."

Profit he did, and that forthwith. He had lived well while in England, and was in full strength and health. He immediately looked out for a job of task work, and as it was well known, that he would finish his work to perfection, equally as well by task as by days' work, he had his choice. His earnings were large, and his expense little, for he drank nothing but milk or water, and ate cold meat and bread. He lived alone, like a hermit, getting a neighbour's wife to buy his meat and boil it for him; still as he earned his money, he laid it out in getting tools made after the English fashion. He soon had a short handled spade and a broad shovel, and was secretly getting a plough, harrows, and a set of draining tools made, as he began to speculate on taking his land into his own hands, and managing it, as John Headcroft had taught him. He waited impatiently till the mowing began, which was late in the country round about. Good mowers were as usual scarce, and the price enormous, five shillings an acre. Maurice contracted to mow so much, that every one supposed he meant to engage undermen to assist him; he set to work with a good scythe and a bent handle, so that he had no longer to mow with his chin almost on his knees, as his neighbours did.

Then, instead of working through the day as was the fashion of the country, under the hot sun, when the grass got dry and cut harsh and difficult, he began to mow with the first foot-fall



of the morning, or, as was said, the middle of the night, in the middle of the day he lay down in the shade and slept, and began again in the cool of the evening, for he had learnt in England, not only what every man's sense would tell him, that he could work harder and pleasanter in the cool than in the heat; but that the grass cut twice as easy while sappy and wet with the dew. By this means Maurice did twice as much as the country mowers, with less fatigue than they had; but the humour was, that when the passers-by saw such an unusual quantity mown every day, and yet Maurice scarcely ever seen at work, they gave out that the fairies mowed for him, which was quite unusual; though for fairies to make hay was not, as I myself and many others have often seen on a calm summer's day, when there was not a sigh in the air, the hay is suddenly lifted up, and scattered all over the sky, in a thousand whirls and frolics.

To mowing succeeded a job of reaping and thrashing, and then a heavy piece of ditching, which turned out unusually profitable to him, from the use of his broad short handled spade. In truth, if Maurice did the work of four men, the spade did the work of two, for it dug and threw up the clay at once; whereas a shoveller is always forced to attend the narrow fac to lift up all it drops, which is half what it digs, then the shovel being worn and narrow, drops again half what it attempts to lift, and both fac-man and shovel-man, repugning to bend their backs, the day's work has very little to show for itself when it is ended.

Thus earning much, and spending little, Maurice again grew rich, so much so, that he found leisure to while away the Christmas holidays under my thatch. Yet idle he was not, nor ever could be. His mornings he employed in bringing my garden into regularity, and refitting my mansion; which having been built by the blessed Tuathal, son of Feradah, Abbot of Rahery and Darmagh, was more sacred than sound; and though it had space and accommodation, and had an up-stairs and down-stairs, yet it was but a ragged edifice. During the evenings he studied the French tongue, foreseeing that Una would reside in that country. He had a marvellous ear for what is noble and pure in diction, though this is not uncommon neither in Ireland among the poorest, seldom using a vulgar or inelegant phrase, he at once perceived the difference between my colloquial style in English and in French. "It comes from this," said I, explaining it, "that I picked up my English at a hedge school, and the professors of our religion, being excluded from polished society in Ireland, communicate too much with vulgar and illiterate men, and catch the inelegant turns of their diction: but in France and Spain, where my profession is held in respect, I mixed familiarly with nobles and princesses, and acquired the language of the court."

About this time Maurice began to be much aggrieved by his cousin Merritt M'Cormick, who, thinking himself the prettier fellow of the two, began early to show an envy of Maurice's success, especially of the favour he was in with me; though he himself valued it so little, that

he set his actions up in defiance of me ; and though he would not treat me with any disrespect, yet he braved my censure with his jokes. I met him reeling drunk, poor lad, not twenty-one years old ; and instead of avoiding me, he came bluffly staggering by. " And are you not ashamed," cried I, " to make a beast of yourself." " And tell me now, Father," says he, " what virtue would there be in a glass of whiskey, if it did not make an alteration in a man." He was the most audacious liar I ever knew ; for his whole face lied as well as his tongue, he could throw into it such an assurance of simplicity and veracity. I asked him why he preferred telling a lie, even though there seemed no advantage in it. " From pure caution, father," says he, " and forethought : you may unsay a lie if you find it distressing, but you cannot unsay the truth, if it is ever so inconvenient : lies are like snail's horns, you throw out one or two just to feel your way, and if all's safe, then come out of your shell and welcome." Now he would say all these hellish aphorisms in the most natural and self-complacent manner ; so that one could have laughed, if there had not been a soul in jeopardy. Wherever there was a crowd, there was he ;—at fair, patron, wake, christening, wedding, funeral, all was one ; he would raise a debate among the crowd outside the chapel door, and skirmish with all the wits, till they had not a word left to say for themselves ; and the gapers were bursting with laughing. I would send out to know what was the sense of the uproar ; and was sure to find that it was Merritt M'Cormick funning. Yet though he had not one good principle, he

had imbibed, I suppose from his mother's milk, a strong tincture of superstition. He would not even drink milk on a fast day, and took great merit to himself in attending every funeral within the Island; and he was so observant of this ceremony, that he nearly lost his life by persisting in attending one, when it rained cataracts, and he was but badly recovered from an ague by one of his mother's charms. Now since Maurice came to the Island, he could never pass him but he had a stone in his sleeve to fling at him, some jesting taunt, that had less wit, and more bitterness, than was his custom; particularly against his English novelties, which gave him most offence, and, in allusion to his short handled implements, succeeded in fastening on him the nickname of the king of spades. But Maurice, having little conceit, took little offence, and parried all with a kind gravity; and though he never esteemed his cousin, (now Una was out of the way) he did not shun his society, but took every opportunity of trying to benefit him. It was attempting this, that in the end made Merritt his resolved enemy. For about this time, Merritt married miserably; and Maurice did his best to dissuade him, which the wife never could forgive; and though she was a slob of a girl, she had cunning enough to turn her husband's bad passions to her own gratification.

Some dozen of Merritt's companions, whom the sheer love of confederation led into every kind of turbulence and wickedness, having no treason on the anvil, gave out that a big two-handed wench, with a blowzy face, who had



got the name of a fine girl from tramping jigs at night dances, was to be hurled for. Her name was Katty Conghar: on the appointed morning, the riot and rout surrounded her father's house; and though he and her mother made some show of resistance, the girl was little loth, as her red ribbons proclaimed; and being hoisted on men's shoulders, was carried to the field, to be the prize of the victor. Then the dashers, and the slashers, and the wits, and the devil-may-care boys, were all in their shirt sleeves tied with ribbands, and the hurling began: and in truth, the games in Homer and Virgil are not to be compared to it, if it could be turned to any laudable account. Merritt M'Cormick was dominant throughout, and being an active, clean limbed lad, after a hard contest of three hours, he put the ball through the sticks, and goaled the girl. Then all in a blaze of glory, and inflamed with success, he kisses the girl, though he did not care a rush for her, and off they are borne to be married, amidst shouts and huzzas. But a busy body having run off to tell Mrs. M'Cormick, the mother, soon you might hear her shrieking and cursing the stars, and luck, good, bad, and indifferent; for she had laid out the best match in the Island for her son, and having her share of mother's wit, was nigh to bring it to bear: and this Katty Conghar was of a redshank breed, pennyless to boot; and Mrs. M'Cormick was indeed of the Milesian race, though with a few blots in it. She tore off her cap,—she tore her hair,—she tore her cheeks, and ran out in her stocking feet; and was lunatic in a trice. But she had still sense enough, and humbled she was, or she would not have done it, to call

to advise with Maurice. He borrowed a cap and pair of shoes of the maid for her, and putting her behind him on a horse, rode off for the bride's father's house, where I soon received a summons to marry them. I delayed as long as I decently could do, but it was in vain. The company raised such a shout as soon as Mrs. M'Cormick appeared, that she could not even make herself heard; and Merritt had grown so fractious from long indulgence, that he little heeded her; and those who knew her best, plied her so with drink, that finding opposition vain, she soon blubbered out a consent, and sat down to table with them all. But Maurice would not so easily be put off: there was a decency in his manners and looks, that when he was in earnest mastered even Merritt, and he prevailed on him to hear him apart.—He had the right so much with him, that several times Merritt was staggered, but at last he declared, that he never could show his face again, if he did so ungallant a thing; and so with all his wit he was tied to a slut, a slattern, and a sot, for such she proved.

I had a dear friend, the friend of my prime time, a real prince, Hi Sullivan Bere: he was directly descended from the great Hi Sullivan Bere, who fell with the fall of his country. His descendant in the reign of Carolus secundus recovered a good share of the property, from the negligence of the undertakers, who resided abroad in England, and the family lived in great splendour and hospitality, with every knee bent to them in the castle, on the rocks of Berehaven. This Hi Sullivan Bere was my foster-

brother ; and this tie, esteemed so binding in Ireland, neither age, nor absence, would entirely break, but regularly every new year's day, we exchanged letter of inquiry and kind wishes. In all his letters he spoke to me of his son, and I in return boasted of mine, for so now I called and felt that Maurice was. It was sufficient for him to know, that Maurice was the head of the house of O'Neal, to respect and wish to see him ; his being a day labourer only appeared an accident in the eyes of one always talking with old times, he did not the less esteem him a high born Milesian prince. I determined to send Maurice there, because I knew he was secure of the respect of the old chieftain, and I thought he could not fail of the friendship of the young one ; and so in the event it was.

One of my smuggling captains, the better to quiet his conscience, presented me with a superb horse he had brought from Spain ; Maurice had broken him in, and taught him to follow him, to kneel down, and to capriole. In the month of May, after Maurice had sown his land, for he had now taken it into his own hands, and he could best be spared, I desired the neighbours to keep his house and land safe from harm, and giving him the colt, sent him with a letter to the castle of Berehaven.

The night before he departed, Maurice confided to me, that he loved.

"And whom ?" said I.

"Berghetta Tual," said he.

"God be thanked, you have chosen well, but she is quite a child."

"She will not be, by the time we marry," said Maurice, smiling, "for I mean, that she should have as good a house over her head, and as well furnished too, as my friend Mrs. Mapleton, before I ask your blessing father. I am afraid," said he, "it may be more months than a year; it is a long time, but I will work hard, or it may be longer—but into a mud cabin, I will never ask a wife to enter; nor will I ever rear up children in rags."

"But how came you acquainted?" said I, "for she never sees any one in her mother's house, nor ever leaves it but to go to chapel, and then she draws her cloak over her face, and speaks to no man."

"Ah, father, when I first saw that pale and heavenly face, which was never uncovered but at her devotions, so gentle, so sweet, so pure! many ways I tried to accost her, but she heeded me not, but chance favoured me; as she was passing by a house, some dogs run out and barked at her; and she has such an extreme terror of these cabin curs, that she screamed and began to run. I was never far from her on her return from chapel, and flew to her assistance. I dealt one of the dogs a blow with my stick, with such good will, that I laid him dead.—I then overtook Berghetta, who was so terrified, that she could scarcely stand, and was obliged to lean on my arm, and let me accompany her home. Yet in all other respects, she



is a hale, active girl ; and who milks a cow, or tends her dairy better ? If you were to see her strength, when she raises her poor crippled mother, and carries her across the room like a child, you would wonder that she should run away from a little dog. Her mother smiled on me when I brought her home, and I saw that my fortune was made, and yet I ought not to say so, for to this moment I cannot say, and scarcely believe, that Berghetta loves me."

"So much the better, so much the better," replied I; "a girl that is in love loses a good deal of the tenderness and all the usefulness of her sex. She begins not to care about her bird, or her pet lamb, or her old mother, the cakes may burn on the griddle, and she does not notice them, a cobweb may hang from the ceiling to the floor, and she does not perceive it.—She has only two ideas in her head, herself and him, and these are not much to the purpose. No, no, these tindery young ladies always abound in sparks. I'll engage Berghetta never speaks to any young fellow but yourself."

"Just so," said Maurice.

"Be content then ; she will love you when it is her duty to do so, respect her piety and wisdom, which prevent her from overstepping the bounds that delicacy prescribes to her sex."

And well I might tell him to be content, for every thought of that innocent mind had been laid open to me with a scrupulous and self-accusing candour without parallel. It is a deli-

cate thing to speak of confessions, even of those who are dead ; yet this much I will say, that my experience has shown me, that self-sufficient people, and those bold spirits, who say it would be hypocrisy to accuse themselves of sin, when they are conscious of none, are always without capacity for virtuous feeling, and gross in the grain of their hearts ; it is not that their lives are pure, but that their perceptions are coarse, and their consciences seared. But the innocent, they whose consciences are fresh and tender, will feel sullied, even by the susceptibility of temptation ; and who has not been tempted.

I wrote by a poor scholar that was returning to Kerry, to prepare Hi Sullivan Bere for my son's coming. And now he shall speak again for himself.

“ My head is turned, dear father, but not by the magnificence of this place, though that is sufficiently amazing. The castle itself, with its woods and mountains, and the great sea breaking on its rocks, is awful indeed. As soon as I appeared in sight a horn sounded from the castle ; would you credit it, that the great Hi Sullivan Bere should receive a day-labourer thus ? I was led through a double row of followers, that extended from the entrance to the hall, where Hi Sullivan Bere himself was, who, as soon as he saw me, rose and embraced me, and kissed my forehead. It was no wonder that I stood abashed before him. The grandeur of the hall, the crowd that gazed on me, the magnificence of his dress, which seemed covered with jewels, but still more his gigantic figure

and commanding air, confused me ; nor did the great attention with which he treated me much restore me.

“O’Neal,” said he, “I should call you prince, king, but that no title, not even that of an emperor, can add honour to the name of O’Neal. You are the O’Neal, the last honoured representative of a race of kings and warriors, whose origin is lost only in the clouds of time. On this spot your forefathers and my forefathers fought together, and the marble pavement of the chapel is still discoloured with the blood of the O’Neals and Sullivans.”

He showed me all the state rooms of the castle, which were hung with the finest tapestry and velvet, though rather decayed ; paintings of his ancestors, and curious suits of burnished armour. He gave me the history of each hero to whom they belonged, to which I listened with a pleasure I had never known before.

At dinner (he dined early) there were gentlemen, his near relations, and some neighbouring gentlemen, every one of whom dined standing in his presence, and I alone was seated at his table. After dinner the harper entered, and played and sung a song to the glory of the O’Neals, and to their misfortunes. I could not but blush at the beginning, but the conclusion was so pathetic, and the music so moving, that, struggle as I would, I could not prevent the tears rolling from my eyes.

Yet all this distinction did not for a moment make me forget myself, I knew my real station.

too well ; but that is not the case now, nor will you be surprised when I tell you the pains, that the young Tanist, James Hi Sullivan Bere, has taken to turn my head. I was soon beginning to tire of the castle, for I was no company for the prince, who, though the best natured and most eloquent man alive, took no pleasure in books, or in improvements, or in any thing else that I could perceive, except stalking. He loves nothing but antique Irish customs, which seem to me to be the brood of folly and idleness, and he is rather too partial to tobacco and whiskey : but among his followers it was worse ; they did nothing but lean along the walls on a wet day, or bask in the sun on a dry day, and when they gathered at meals, or at night, their conversation, though always witty, was seldom better than gross.—Then outside the castle the whole country was sad. All the clan despised industry ; there were no fences or corn fields, but the whole country overrun with goats, old horses, starved milch-cows, and mangy sheep. Here too one could never be alone, for all the herds clustered round you, from miles around, to see who you were, and ask the news. I had no refuge but the sea shore, where an O'Sullivan was never found, for they looked on the sea as an element fit only for Englishmen and smugglers, and they even disdained to catch the fine fish that frequented their coast. I was walking on the fourth evening, and wondering that they did not gather the sea weed for manure, when I saw the bare-footed boy from the castle running past.

“ And where are you and the wind going, Rory ? ”



“To take the skiff and fetch the young Tanist from on board, don't you see the yellow flag on that ship's head. That's he just returned from France, after leaving the old gentleman, his tutor, safe at home.”

“Then you had better take me with you, Rory, for I know my way over the waves better than you.”

“Like enough,” replied the lad, “for they only send me for want of a better, and you will not be too many, since the Tanist, God bless him, disdains to touch a rope, even if he knew how.”

I helped the boy to set the sail, and left him to steer, which he did pretty well till we came near the ship, when, if I had not taken the helm from him, he might have staved the boat against the ship's side. The young Prince stood at the ship's side, watching our coming, he was easily known from the rest, who were only common sea-faring people. He wore a large cocked hat, and was wrapped in a capota. His face was very like to some of your Spanish pictures, of a dark olive colour; he had black eyes and hair, and a look of gravity, if not of pride.

I went to the head of the boat and sat behind the sail. He nodded to Rory as he sat down in the boat, then throwing the corner of his capota over his shoulder, he seemed lost in thought, and Rory being too much under awe to speak, we sailed silently back. The wind

was against us. Rory, in attempting to tack, showed that he was no sailor, and cut across the bay in all manner of directions, so that it began to grow dark before we neared the coast. However, it seemed indifferent to Hi Sullivan, and Rory did not ask, and I did not offer, my help.

It would have been wiser if I had, for though I saw the waves breaking as if over a rock ahead, and Rory steering in the direction, yet I could not think that he and the young Tanist could be so ignorant of the coast; there was not much time for reflection, for in a minute the skiff struck, upset, and we were all in the water. The first thing I did was to strip off my coat, waistcoat, and shirt, and then look for the boy, who fortunately rose near me, and I caught him by the hair. As soon as he had got the water out of his mouth, he began to cry out, "let me alone, can't you, let me go the bottom; why don't you help the Tanist? or he will be drowned, and ruin come over us."

"Why surely he can swim," I replied.

Swim! not he, nor never a soul in the castle, Oh! he will be certainly drowned, can't you let me go, and do what I tell you;" and he actually struggled to get loose. The Tanist, however, whose large cloak kept him afloat, had caught hold of the boat, which lay on her side, with the mast and sail in the water; and as he was in no immediate danger, I told the boy so, who being able to swim a little, I brought him to shore without much difficulty. I desired him

to run to the castle for help, and then swam back to the wreck ; but though I am reckoned a good swimmer even at Rahery, yet swimming as I now did, against the tide, tired me so much, that I thought it better to hold to the boat and wait for assistance, than attempt to bring O'Sullivan to shore.

He seemed surprised at my returning to him ; and yet his first exclamation on hearing my accent was, "How shall I ever bear to be so deeply indebted to an Englishman !" Surely, dear sir, and father, this animosity is carried to an unchristian excess, both in the prince and his son, for the prince could never bear to hear me speak favourably of any thing in England, or even to mention the country. However, I assured him I was no Englishman, but had been in England, and had always wished for an English accent.

"I cannot blame you for that," said he, (speaking as unconcernedly as if he had been sitting in the castle,) "for the Irish accent is detestable ; but it is a pity you have not learnt the foreign or French accent, (he himself spoke with it,) instead of the English. However, you have not a strong English accent. But will you not come more on the boat, and rest yourself, for I cannot swim, so you can be of no use to me, and then you may return to shore."

I told him I had no thoughts of leaving him, as my skill in swimming might be of use in keeping the boat steady, though I feared I was not strong enough to take him on shore.

“Good Heaven !” he cried suddenly, “what can equal my stupidity ! you must be Maurice O’Neal, my father, before I went, talked of your coming. Thus it has always been—the O’Neals and O’Sullivans never meet but to die together ; for I now know it will be in vain to desire you to return on shore.”

“But why talk of dying ?” I replied, “the boy will soon alarm the people of the castle. The wind is not very high, and though that drives us from the shore, the tide is in our favour.”

“Oh, I know those people of the castle right well ; my poor father will lose his head ; the rest will all take to shrieking, the first thing they will think of will be preparing for our wake, and the last thing they will recollect, is that the smuggler’s boat lies at Chink Well.”

“But I bid Rory remember the boat, for I passed it to day.”

“Well, there is life in that, and Rory must be no better than a firbolg, if he lacks wit in coming to your help.”

“But may I ask how he came to have so little wit as to run the skiff against the rock ?”

“It was no rock ;”

‘It was that fatal and perfidious bark,

‘Built in the eclipse, and rigg’d with curses dark.’



“It is an English frigate, that was wrecked there three years ago, and every thing English is fatal to our race.”

As he spoke, a breaker made the boat roll, and he lost his hold and sunk ; but I caught him as he rose, and was able to regain the boat ; and having found a rope, I fastened it round his body, so that he could not again be separated from the boat.

“You are too good,” he said to me, “but indeed you had better return on shore, and leave me to my fate, I know that English vessel must be my destruction.”

The night was now getting dark, and the sea more rough, and I began to despair of help from the castle. I had rested, leaning on the boat, and my confidence in my swimming began to return. I told O’Sullivan that if he had presence of mind enough to hold my body with one arm, leaving my arms quite free, I had no doubt that I could take him on shore safe. But he replied, that though he was not afraid of death, he was of the water, and could not bring himself to quit the boat. Indeed, he seemed to have so little fear, that he began to talk about the most indifferent matters in the world ; but I begged him to stop, for as I knew the tide, our best hope, was changing, our danger became evident, and it seemed time to say my last prayer for you and Berghetta, and to recommend my soul to its Maker ; this I did aloud. When I stopped, O’Sullivan again urged me to swim to shore ; but this I could not do, after I

had seen how necessary I was to him ; and even if it was not my duty, it would have been better to die, than live with the reproach of having deserted him always in my breast. But I begged him in return not to speak, for I wished to think no more even of you or Berghetta, but to give my thoughts entirely to resignation to God's will. And yet why do I tell you all this, but that it may reach Berghetta's ears, for I know she will tremble for me, and that is next to loving me.

We were saved, as you may guess, by Rory's diligence ; lights along the shore revived our hopes, and the prince, taking a small horn from his breast, sounded it that they might know the direction in which we floated. We soon heard the oars of the boat, and Rory, in his exultation at having saved us, forgot that we owed our wetting to his blunder, for he knew very well the wreck was there, but was thinking of something else. But he was soon downcast enough, for when James Hi Sullivan found that he had forgotten to bring clothes for me, he poured a tempest of wrath on his head, and as the bitterest thing he could say, told him that he had an English heart to forget the man that carried him safe through the waves ; and from that moment to this, his whole thought seems to be how he can show me every possible kindness. As my own clothes were gone, he makes me wear the very best of his ; he takes me from his father's table to his, and we stand together at meals, and you may conceive that I willingly forego the greater honour of sitting with the Hi Sullivan.

Here his letter ended, which was brought to me, with a note from Hi Sullivan Bere, saying that Maurice had been taken ill of a pleurisy, and though then out of danger, was too weak to return home for another fortnight. He caught cold the night of his mischance, returning to the castle, having nothing to cover himself with but James O'Sullivan's wet capota.

But he was well tended ; for though the old chieftain had taken offence from his happily letting fall that the best young man he ever knew (meaning John Mapleton) was an Englishman ; yet he was too noble-minded himself not to glorify Maurice for his conduct towards his son ; and that son, having a fiery poetical mind, had a capacity to apprehend Maurice's worth, though of a more demure and homely texture than his own, and to prize him for his own sake. Maurice had the most grateful of hearts, and returned the old chieftain's kindness with the duty of a son, while for the young man he conceived a friendship, which made him blind to all his faults, and ended only with his life.

However, no pageantry could turn his heart from its duties and honest affections ; and as soon as his strength returned, he did not lose a day in preparing to return to that industry, by which he hoped to obtain Berghetta Tual for his wife.

Before he came away, by my previous desire, he presented the Spanish colt to James Hi Sullivan. Riding, as it was an ancient Irish, was esteemed a prime accomplishment at the castle

of Berehaven. But as the O'Sullivans cared little to comb their own glibs, and had a mighty aversion to bend either their backs or their arms, they made sorry grooms ; even the jade that James O'Sullivan rode, owed his eminence to the superbness of his garniture ; and then their only idea of fine riding was like the wild Arabs, to put the horse into full gallop, and then by a sudden check throw him on his haunches, at the great risk of both tumbling in the dirt. Now Maurice fed and dressed the Spanish colt himself, so that his coat was as sleek and shining as a lady's mantle. He had excited the wonder, if not the contempt, of the stable gossoms at the castle, by rising at four o'clock for that purpose ; however, when he found himself ill, he begged Rory not to neglect the horse ; and Rory discharged the trust loyally.

The day before he departed, he presented the horse to James Hi Sullivan, and asked the prince to descend into the court, to see it perform its exercise. Immediately all the castle swarmed to the spot, and Maurice, who had perfected himself in the art from an old French book on the manege that I had lent him, made the colt perform *terre à terre*, *passades*, *ballo-tades*, *croupades*, *courbettes*, *caprioles sur les voltes*, to the astonishment and delight of the assembly, whose admiration was equally divided between the rider and the horse. He then alighted, and held the stirrup for the young Tannist to mount, who was charmed when he found how simple and easy this graceful exercise was.



James Hi Sullivan, who scattered his money like sunbeams in handfuls, pressed upon Maurice in return, that he should accept from him a sum sufficient to make him comfortable for life : but Maurice, who had acquired in England a great respect for industry, replied, that nothing would make him give up the pleasure of labouring for Berghetta's comfort, and the accomplishment of their marriage ; though this once having taken place, he would gladly accept an offer by which he was so much honoured ; but he asked Hi Sullivan for a book of poems he had read to him while he lay ill, and he took from the chieftain a big boney horse, which, when put into condition, would be adapted to agricultural pursuits. He also asked and obtained the place of keeper of the lodge gate, which happened to be vacant, for Merritt M'Cormick, who confessed to him before he came away, that he owed money at every public house within twenty miles ; that he had spent all that could be got from his mother ; and that he was so fretted by his wife and her followers, that he had not heart to earn a penny even if he had inclination, and that he saw nothing for it but to enlist.

But imagine Maurice's joy and surprise, when he found that it was settled that James Hi Sullivan should come and pay father O'Brien a visit. The visit was placed to my account, but happily would never have been thought of, but for the great liking that James Hi Sullivan had taken for Maurice ; neither was this friendship surprising, for Maurice was far more lettered and refined than any one that was likely to be met at the castle of Berehaven ; and indepen-

dent of his excellent nature, he had the manners, voice, and personality of a gentleman, nay, placed side by side with James O'Sullivan himself, he had an air of more assured nobleness. The other was tinctured with pride, and something of an appetite for praise ; which Maurice knew not.

However, my delight at receiving the son of my old friend gave me new life ; and I took care that every deference I could pay should be paid to his rank. Indeed, one could not behold him without a kind of devotion, when one thought of the long regal descent of his great ancestors, saw him beautiful and majestic in person, noble and large in all his thoughts and actions, just what one would imagine a potentate to be. And as he was still immensely rich, the connexion between what he was, and what he had a right to be, was more striking than in the instance of Maurice, though his claim to all the potentiality of the dynasty of Hi Nial was equally incontestable.

And here was the great contrast between these young men : for while James Hi Sullivan, with great reasons for being contented, nourished the keenest regret for his lost family honours, and the bitterest rancour against his spoliators, the English, no thought of the kind seemed ever to occur to Maurice ; he was the only Irish catholic I ever knew, who was perfectly free from that festering discontent, which seems to me the greatest evil that results from the iniquitous laws, that separate us from our fellow-countrymen, and worry us out of the good feelings

of our nature. Whether it was his residence in England, the effect of religion, constant industry, or the natural kindliness of his disposition, which seemed not to know how to hate, I cannot say ; but great as the ascendancy was, which James Hi Sullivan gained over him, he never could infuse into him any tincture of this fretfulness.

I could make a pretty scene of what past between these friends and lovers (for I persuaded Berghetta's mother to bring her to my house ;) but it is not pleasant to dwell on pleasant scenes, that have ended in sorrow. So I hasten on, only stopping here and there, to extract what may be useful for example.

When I asked James Hi Sullivan how he liked Berghetta ?

“ Like her !” he replied, “ I never dreamt of liking her ; she is as divine and as awful as Heaven, and I wonder where Maurice got the presumption to love her.”

I should have had a good opinion of his judgment, but that he liked Merritt McCormick, and was much taken with his drollery.

When Maurice told Merritt of the place he had asked for him, instead of thanking him he replied,

“ What, you would make me a gate keeper, that I might open to your honour, I suppose ? by saint Peter, and his holy keys, you might

stand long enough at Heaven's gate, before I would be your porter."

"Then this is all the thanks I get," said Maurice, "for asking a favour for you, that almost choked me? But I will not bear base usage; this is the last time I will meddle with your affairs."

"How high you rear your feathers! come, come, I only spoke off hand, without deciding at all. The prince, as they call him, is an elegant fellow, and it would crown a young man to be under him; besides, one of the women can look after the gate, while I shake hands with the sun-beams on the mountains; and Rory O says there is grouse and plenty thereon, so I am content to keep the gate."

"And will Mrs. M'Cormick be content to go?"

"Meaning my bad luck, or my bad doings?"

"Is this to say, your mother and wife?"

"Why, my mother I could not help having, but marrying that damsel with the yellow clay sticking to the soles of her feet was a sore sin. And you are going to get that nice, clean skinned girl, Berritt Tual, sprung too from the right O'Tuals, in the county of Wicklow, by the same token that her father is buried in the Re-feast\*, at the seven churches. Oh, as to

\* King's sepulchre.



the women's going, be at ease, one might as soon expect to get quit of one's misfortunes as of them."

James Hi Sullivan staid but a short and, winged fortnight with us, but promised to return and be present at Maurice's wedding, for Berghetta had showed so much emotion at the recital of Maurice's danger, that I thought it as well, that she should be contracted to him at once. And this lessened his sorrow at parting with James Hi Sullivan, that he might give himself up entirely to the industry, by which he hoped to place Berghetta in comfort.

Merritt M'Cormick departed soon after, at which I rejoiced, for I had reason to know, that he bore a most horrid hatred to Maurice, from nothing else but envy, but which I was afraid might end in some violence. I called on him to give him some useless exhortation before he departed. Never did I see such a compleat Irish business as his house, outside and inside, or such dirt and misery, though he himself had the pride of king Cophetua, and appeared to the last in a suit of superfine on high-days and holydays.

There was no fence before the door, where the constant treading of the pigs, and a green spring that rose thereabout, had worked all the soil into mire : to remedy this, there were stepping stones, laid at uneven distances, to pick your way ; but the day I arrived, being windy, Katty had taken one of these to put upon the thatch of the house, which had begun to strip, and having to wait till it was replaced, I had

leisure to view the premises. There was no shelter to this mud domicile. The only thing like a tree was a thorn bush cut flat by the wind, on which Katty hung her muslin to dry, and this accounted for the many rents which generally appeared in her finery. There was a fine growth of oats in patches on the roof of the house, where wangles of new straw had been thrust in to repair old breaches in the thatch ; but this not having been done in time, the mud wall had taken the wet and burst out : to remedy this, a great buttress of mason work had been built, to support the wall, which must have cost more than building a new wall would have done : however, it served to lean against. The house originally boasted of two windows, each consisting of four panes of glass of the kind called bull's-eyes ; one eye at present only was left, the seven other vacancies were stopped with two old crowns of hats, the remains of a scarlet petticoat, and straw : so that there was little light but what came through the door, and this had to contend for entrance with a cloud of smoke which issued from within. The dung-hill, or rather the muckhole, was at the side of the door ; and Merritt persisted in gathering it there, because it had been a dunghill site since the wars of Ireland : but he knew it would be no use moving it, for his wife would not pass beyond the threshold of the door to empty her slops, or dispose of the litter of the house. Inside the house was not much worse than its neighbours ; there was no light, but plenty of smoke. The clay floor trod into holes covered every thing with dust, and made sweeping vain : which saved Katty a world of trouble ; as the

rats, which had made a burrow in the thatch, continued their operations unmolested day and night, and showered down dirt and straws; and Katty's heart might have been broke contending with them.

As I was preparing to enter, I heard Katty screeching, "Hutchaw! oolaghan!" and out rushed a sow and her pigs: I made way for them, and to these succeeded a flight of hens and turkies, a flock of geese, three cur dogs, and a lame gander.

"Now I believe I may come in, Mrs. M'Cormick," said I, still cautious.

"Yes, and welcome, your Reverence," says she, "its a sorry cabin to ask the likes of you to enter; and better would my luck have been, if I had never entered it; but young girls think it is only to marry, and their fortune's made: but then it is their slavery begins; nothing but drudgery and trouble with a drunken husband and cross children to fret one's heart; but run," said she, turning to a slob of a girl, that seemed to have stole her tatters from the shoulders of a scarecrow, "run, Judy, and fetch the child that I left without in the spout.—Ah, this is a sad ree-raw house we keep," continued she, "and no refreshment to offer your Reverence, but a mug of cold water, for Merritt drinks all his liquor from home, and the mother is on a visit before we take our departure."

"Any how," said I, "I am glad to see, Mrs. M'Cormick, that you do not give in to that unfeminine practice of tasting spirits."

“Truth, and I often sigh for it,” said she, “for there is nothing comforts the heart like it.”

I shrugged my shoulders, and knowing that she was already past cure, I asked for Merritt. She whispered me, “He is hiding from you: he came back from Rosinallis fair this morning, with the life beat out of him.”

“Come out, Merritt,” said I, “you, that put a bold face on sins, need not be ashamed of scars.”

He came out with a bloody handkerchief tied round his head, and one arm in a sling. For some time past he had been losing all appearance of health and youth; and though he still attempted to brave it out, his spirits were quite gone, and he was fast subsiding into the natural decay of all buckeens,—dirt, stupidity, and peevishness. He seemed to have lost all forethought, and to care for no comfort: yet his envy at Maurice was unabated; and he rejoiced at the idea of quitting the island, and ceasing to be a witness of his prosperity. I endeavoured to awaken him to more Christian feelings, but it was in vain; for he did not perceive any deficiency in himself, and because he was rigorous in the observance of a whole legend of pagan superstitions, his conscience was quite at ease.

Yet he allowed Maurice to become security for the debts he left behind, which of course Maurice had to pay; and well would it have been, if he had been so quit of him.



Merritt, however, and his, left the Island, and no one sorrowed after them.

Maurice's crops, though not over abundant, yielded good profit this year from being well saved. The corn had been sown early, and when ripe he was diligent in getting it harvested and lodged safe home. But the country at large had forgot themselves, as usual in seed time; some were at fairs, where they had little business; some at wakes and funerals; some waiting for a lucky day; some had not bought seed-corn in time, and when they got it, the weather became too wet; some had not their land ploughed; and some had to look for a plough. Yet they did not wonder the less, that the corn was so late in ripening.

But Maurice considered his great advantage in having harvested his crops so early, to consist in being able to undertake a large contract of task work at reaping. It was to his day-labour that he always looked for his certain profit. This, he said, while God gave him health, could not fail him; but farming might pick a pocket as well as fill it. "Often," added he, "have I seen a little farm, of a few acres, serve only as an excuse for idleness; where, while the owner lost the profits of his day's work, he did not make as much by his land, as he would have done if he had set it."

In troth, it was a multitude of work that he did this year, for every Saturday he put his earnings into Berghetta's hands; while she still, with a gentle apprehensive look, would say,—  
"I fear, Maurice, that you work too hard."

They blessed my threshold again at Christmas, and James Hi Sullivan elevated us with the hopes of his coming, but at the time he was detained by a claim set up by the heir of the original undertaker to the whole of his father's estate. He treated the matter proudly and lightly in his letter, but from the moment I heard of it, my heart died away, for I knew my old friend could not bear up under the crush of fortune.

Maurice fain would have gone to visit his dear friend, when fortune bent her brows, but I was taken ill, so very ill, that the attendance of these beloved children became indispensable to me. Month after month found me in the same state: the winter passed, and the spring was nearly fled, before I was able to enjoy the sweetness of the outer air. During all this time Berghetta was a slave to her mother and myself. As I knew that her mother lived but in her presence, I exhorted her to attend to me less; but she imagined somewhat of a religious duty in tending a servant of the Church, and this was always sufficient to outweigh her inclinations, however praiseworthy and strong.

Maurice could only be with us for any time together occasionally; but every Saturday night he crossed the sea from Bengore to Rahery in his boat. Heaven favoured him, for he never was in any real danger; but Berghetta would start and turn pale, when she heard the door of the hall clap to. Yet though one could tell by her absent words that her thoughts were upon him and his little boat, never once did she quit her mother and me to go to the rocks above

the house to watch his coming : such sense of right conduct had this admirable girl ! But this restraint upon her wishes obtained for Maurice a more frank and tender reception, than he would probably have had otherwise : and he was cunning enough to perceive his advantage, and I could fancy was always glad to embark in his boat when the wind was high. But her mother and I began to take alarm, lest some evening he should actually set out in a tempest ; and this was sufficient reason with Berghetta not to ask for any delay, when we told her that Maurice had requested from us their immediate union.

Maurice was now rich enough in all conscience ; besides the stock of cattle and implements on his farm, which had multiplied unawares to a considerable amount, his corn crops had proved beyond his expectation, and had sold for very little short of fifty pounds.

Though I always discouraged young people from marrying idly ; poor things, they little know how matrimony galls and pinches, when the wedding begins with an empty purse ; yet I had no fears for Maurice and Berghetta, for besides their own means, their prudent and pains-taking habits would help them over many rubs, and I myself had wherewithal to assist them.

Though my income was not excessive, my expenses amounted to nothing : a suit, that I had purchased in Spain, of their fine silky wool, had such substance in it, that after five and

twenty years wear it still was respectable on Sundays, and my every day dress was made of the common homespun of the Island. My duteous flock would let me want no viands that belong to country fare; and if I had not frequently invited them to partake of their own presents, my house would have been overstocked with fish, poultry, and game. But during my early residence in Rahery, where from my excluded situation I was free from molestation, I felt it my duty to contribute all the money, that remained to me at the end of the year, to my suffering brethren, who for several years were driven from one hiding place to another, and thrown into prison or banished when discovered, so that the narrative of their miseries, which I received at intervals from my communication with Dublin, made my heart bleed.

But since I had adopted Maurice, I felt it a duty to lay by, though a trifle, for him annually; and I was able the better to do so, as a severe pestilence, which visited the country, turned the governing powers' mind from persecution, and the Roman Catholic clergy were allowed to expose their lives in peace, assisting the sick and dying.

We were all then intent on coming happiness; (frail is the happiness that comes to man!) when some travelling medicants brought the news to Bengore, whence it soon passed to us, that Hi Sullivan Bere (ever remembered and honoured be his name!) was driven from his castle and possessions, and had expired no



long time after at a tenant's house. We grieved as if nothing worse could happen; and Maurice, though on the eve of his marriage, prepared to set off, to see if he could render any assistance to James Hi Sullivan. We all agreed in his departure, and he would not have waited a day, but that he knew of a vessel bound to Cork, and he judged it more expeditious to take his passage in her.

Thus sorrowing, twilight found us in the evening, when a gentle tap at the door, at a time when strangers so seldom passed, made us all start from our seats. The door opened, and James Hi Sullivan in deep mourning entered; Maurice sprang forward, and threw himself into his arms, holding him in a straight embrace.

"I see," said O'Sullivan, with tears on his cheeks, yet smiling, "you know all, my sweet and worthy friend, for you never gave the prince in his high fortune so kind a reception."

"More honoured, more revered, but not more loved than ever;" said Maurice, "how ought we to worship you for turning to us in your misfortunes!"

I stretched out my hands to give the prince my blessing. The widow Tual, unable to rise, prayed aloud that he might receive heavenly blessings in lieu of those of which he was bereft; and Berrett did not hesitate to present her cheek to his salute. Our first inquiries were for my ancient friend now with God; and our first consolation was to hear, that he had borne

the reverse of his fortunes like the heroes of his honoured race, and, attaching himself to God, heeded not as the world passed from him. He was old, and his health broken, and his death was caused by a severe cold, caught by being necessitated to move in winter into a raw house with little accommodation, rather than from any distress of mind. This had happened some months ago, but James Hi Sullivan was unwilling, that any one but himself should be the bearer of the afflicting tidings. We asked no more questions the rest of the evening, but exerted ourselves to cheer Hi Sullivan's spirits by every mark of respect and affection, and as he was naturally of an intrepid mind, he soon revived, and no sign of humour appeared in him except once, when Berrett happened to say, that Maurice was to have sailed in two days for Cork in an English vessel—At the word English, he almost rose from his seat and cried, “how could you, Maurice, think of going in an English ship? that detestable nation!” but the next moment he seemed to recollect the English frigate, and immediately softened, “yet,” he added, “there was one English ship I can forgive.”

Maurice did not reply, but spoke of other things, and then set himself to do all the offices of a servant for Hi Sullivan, which, notwithstanding the other's opposition, he persisted to do while he staid with us, and in this respect he was no loser, for Maurice was tidiness itself.

Next day Hi Sullivan confided to us the state of his affairs, he had literally nothing, the law-

suit had swallowed all the money that his father had, and the personalities were seized to satisfy the claims of the spurious owner of the estate. All that he had saved was the golden crown, and the jewels of his family : these had been reported to be worth I know not what, many, and tens of thousands, probably exaggerated, but any how his father before his death had exacted a promise from him not to sell them, and he had brought them with him to leave in Maurice's care.

He had written to a half uncle, who was a general in the French service, but poor withal ; and he had replied, that if he could raise one hundred pounds he could get him a commission in the French service : "and there is a prospect of war too with England," said he, his eyes glistening ; "and yet to raise a hundred pounds is out of the question, so I am come to Maurice to teach me to labour and save money."

Maurice was the next day more downcast than his friend, yet though I guessed pretty nearly what was passing in his mind, I left him to himself—In the evening, however, he came to me with his eyes laughing as usual, and cried, "O Father, you do not know what a grievous perplexity I have been in to day, and all because I doubted that Berghetta was perfect.

"Was it not natural, the instant I heard that our dear friend wanted a hundred pounds, that I should destine my savings for him? what delight I felt at the idea of being able to assist him! and he so little expecting that I was able

to do so : but then, this was to sacrifice Berghetta, and bring her destitute into all the cares of a growing family, a thing I had determined never to do. I considered this over and over again, till my head ached ; at last I thought of doing what I ought to have done at first, consulting with Berghetta.—Hear her angel-reply.

‘How can you hesitate for a moment, Maurice, even though our wedding is delayed, or should never take place ? we are placed here to perform our duties ; when does God ever tell us to consult our wishes ? how miserable shall we be, if we set our hearts only on happiness ? Misfortunes will certainly come, and then we should not have a good conscience to support us. But do not,’ continued she, ‘let the sacrifice be made to your friend, but to God,’ and kneeling down, she drew me to her side, and uttered aloud an innocent prayer, ‘that God would give me every day fresh resolution to abandon the allurements of the world, and to draw me nearer to Heaven.’

“What are the attractions of all other girls,” exclaimed Maurice, “compared to this spotless and tender piety, this rigid adherence to duty, this regardlessness of herself!”

The widow Tual, who was sitting by, wept at these praises of her daughter ; her only terror was, that Maurice would not sufficiently love and cherish her daughter, who had been from her childhood fed on a mother’s tenderness ; and whose nature was so gentle, susceptible, and affectionate, that the least unkindness would cut her to the heart.



“Do not, dear Maurice,” said the widow, “fret about Berrett’s comforts, only do you continue always your love, and she will be happy.” She then desired him to give her a little oak box—and opening it; “here,” she continued, “is the profit of my spinning and lace making, it is the toil of many days, and many sleepless nights, that passed pleasantly, while I thought I was working for Berrett. It is no great matter, but Berrett’s work has always supported us, and will keep your house, for she makes lace, and spins admirably, and sleeps little; so that this will be all to the good.”

“Madam,” I rejoined, “you have done like a true mother by your daughter, and I also have a portion for my son; and though both together they do not amount to his hundred pounds, as I must keep something too for the prince, yet it will be enough to make our dear children comfortable.”

“Then who,” cried Maurice, in the pride of his heart, “is so blest as I?”

“Give the praise to God, child,” said I, “lest he finds occasion to chasten you.”

What I said was only common-place, and by rote, but my words were nevertheless prophetic.

In truth, Maurice’s head, to use his own expression, was a little turned; even the misfortunes of his friend, now he was able to administer to them, did not sober him. But Berrett,

though she loved every thing he did and said, for she now loved him entirely, did not partake of his intoxication, but walked with a subdued heart, and a steady eye fixed upon her duties and upon heaven.

She came in with the prince, for he had taken a great fancy to her sober and innocent conversation, and as our first object now was to cheer him, we had sent her to walk with him. We communicated our arrangements to him, and his heart overflowed at his eyes, "my dearest friends," he cried, "why should I think of my past misfortunes? I have none now, but the one that exceeds them all, that I must part from you; and you, my dearest Maurice, my friend, my particular friend, my brother, my soul's own, in justice to your noble nature, I accept of the hard earnings of your long toil; I love you so much, that every change and chance makes me love you more; had you been obliged to me, I should have loved you better; now that I am all obliged to you, I love you better still."

Indeed my poor roof now covered a happy set of mortals, richly blest in the only real blessing of life, domestic affection. When we drew round the fire at night, we began to question James Hi Sullivan again; particularly respecting Merritt M'Cormick, and his.

"In all my misfortunes," he replied, "there was nothing mortified me so much as the conduct of Merritt M'Cormick. I had favoured him on Maurice's account; but I am ashamed to confess, that I had been taken by his flattery,

and the pleasantry of his jests ; would you believe it ! he was the very first person to desert us, and to cringe to the English interloper that ejected us. The last time I passed the gate, and for the last time, he turned away his head, and pretended not to notice me ; I felt so enraged, though unworthily, that I could not forbear from giving him a cut with my horse-whip, which brought him on his knees ; where I left him. But you will be glad, Maurice, to hear how different was the conduct of your friend, Rory, oge, O'Sullivan ; whom I had always considered as half a simpleton ; he adhered to us when we were outcast, he tended my poor father, and his honest affection supplied many wants of our distressed situation. When I bade him farewell, and presented him a small remuneration from my scanty means, he would not accept it ; but earnestly begged, that I would let him have what he called the glory of attending me, which it should be his pride and pleasure to do, without fee or reward."

" My dear Rory," I replied, " for we had grown familiar, by my poor father's sick bed, ' I know not how to maintain myself, and should certainly not be able to support you : while you stay here, you have friends and acquaintance, that will not let you want ; I think that my recommendation will still avail, to procure you a good situation ; and you shall have my word for being the most faithful, diligent, and loving lad a poor master ever met with.'

" Here I had to wait till a shower of tears, called forth by my praise, past away, when Rory again took up the argument.

"As to the matter of maintenance," he replied, "if the worst comes to the worst, I can live upon Christian charity, though it be hard fare, provided you go into no heathen countries; and I shall be happier with one meal a day, and that a scanty one, as your follower, than I ever was in the pride of the darling castle, that they have ejected us from; glory be to God!"

"It was in vain I urged, that, if it was possible, there was nothing I should have wished so much as to keep him with me.

"Who," he continued, "will you have to take care of your horse? and if he is left to the gossoons at the inns, he will soon be out of condition, which would be a murder."

"How can you imagine, Rory, that I intend to keep a horse? I mean to sell him at Cork."

"Sell your horse! sell master Maurice's colt! then is black distress indeed come on us." And Rory hung his head discomfited.

"I felt quite unmanned; for I always foresaw, that the parting with this horse would be the completion of my distress.

"I saw no more of Rory, and guessed that he could not bear, and was unwilling to give me the pain of parting, but was gone to hide his sorrow where he could be alone and unnoticed. I never had felt so wretched, and should have been quite desperate, but that my heart foretold me, that I should be repaid for all my sufferings in this happy meeting.



“The next morning, a lad that Rory had substituted brought me my horse; and with him I left a letter to one of the most respectable of our tenants, who had done us many kind offices, requesting that he would provide for Rory.

“And now I had to undergo the last torture of my heart: for the whole clan had assembled to bid me farewell. Patiently I had to endure the importunity, that was intended kindly; to thank all for their loyalty and affection; to speak to and embrace as many as pressed on me for this purpose, while cries of rage and desperation resounded from the distant multitude: but when I set my horse forward in a gallop, and waved my hand in token of a last adieu, a burst of grief broke forth, such as wrung me to the soul. Noble, generous, affectionate people! whatever distance divides us, no distance shall sever you from my heart.

“Poor Don felt in the spurs my impatience to quit the scene of my fallen fortunes. I did not relax my speed, till the rocks, and castle, and every known object about Berehaven were out of sight. The ignominy my father had endured pressed down my spirits, and I could not even think of my friends at Rahery.

“I reached Cork before the evening became dark, and could scarcely think that my eyes did not deceive me, when Rory and his long coat, in all their well known lineaments, met my view, in the first street I entered. I could not be angry, and yet I felt provoked, for I had resolved to imitate Maurice, and by avoiding

every expense, and applying to some kind of labour, endeavoured to raise the sum necessary to purchase the commission my uncle offered. To support any thing like a servant, was quite inconsistent with this plan ; and besides, I was not well pleased to have a witness of the very low state to which I was prepared to descend.

“Rory studied my looks a while before he spoke, and then said,

‘Be not angry, master dear, that I have stolen a march on you, but I feared you would be but an innocent among all the devouring gang of a big town ; and poor Don too would be filched out of both hay and oats, let alone water, which he would be let go without from unconcern. Nay, now, do not utter a word about sending me back : if Don could speak, God bless him, he would say “don’t.” Here have I provided hay, oats, and litter to boot, with a warm stall, and all in abundance, and shall not cost you a copper, if you stay here till doom’s-day ; all in an honest way too, so don’t object that,’ continued he, seeing me about to speak, and determined I should not, while there was any chance of my not assenting. ‘I was here by times, for I borrowed a wild colt half the way, that, being blind, travelled as well by night as by day ; and as soon as I arrived here, I went in my own mind to scheme about the inn. Presently up came a lumbering gay coach and six, out gets the quality, and then the world was turned upside down ; not a hand would coachman or postillions lay on a horse. “Clean them well, you ragamuffin,” said the state coachman to the hostler, “and you shall be

well paid.” “Holy St. Patrick,” cried the hostler, “how shall I divide myself now? there is the big butter merchant screeching for a chaise this hour past, and the hacks in the field, and the harness wants stiching, and then to ask a sinner like myself to clean six horses!”

“Quiet on your conscience now and for ever, Mr. Hostler,” cried I, edging in; “do you tend the hacks and harness, and leave the six cour-sers to me, and if in half an hour you do not see your merry face in their coats, don’t you give me keep gratis for the prince of prancers, this lovely night, which is all I ask in return, and you shall have my willing service from dawn to twilight to grace the bargain.”—Sure did not I know,’ continued Rory, ‘that if once Don and I made a lodgment, twenty big wigs could not eject us? I was irresistible, master dear, and kept my word, for I put the horses out of hand in such shining trim (sure did not I learn the art from Master Maurice), that coachman and postillions gave their applause, not to me but the hostler, and paid him accordingly. The hostler too is an undeniable man, and will keep his word with me and Don; but where will you lodge, master? the inn is an elegant inn, if it were washed; but my mind mis-gives me, that it is wickedly dear.’

“He stopped at last, for he perceived that all my vexation had fled before his faithful zeal.

“Since you have provided so well for Don, Rory, I want nothing but shelter; and the poorest house, owned by an O’Sullivan, will

suit my fortunes best. Take my horse to the inn, and when you return, you will find me walking in this street."

"I laboured under that depression, that would put up with every inconvenience rather than make an exertion; and inquiring among the miserable cabins where 'dry lodgings were let,' I found but one kept by a woman of the name of O'Sullivan, and that the poorest, and there I entered.

"The blessing of the Saints light on you, mother!" She perceived I was a Catholic, and drew me in with a look of terror, and shut the door. 'There is no fear,' I continued, 'I am in distress only, not in danger, and if you can give me shelter for the night, I would willingly leave my mite with an O'Sullivan;' and I put a shilling into her hand. Conceive the strangeness of my feelings, to give a shilling, only a shilling, and expect a return! But I had only twenty in my pocket; my poor father's expenses—a number of poor people that I could not leave behind wholly destitute, and some unforeseen charges, had reduced my means so low, and I had a long way to travel before I could expect to reach you. Having made this arrangement, I went into the street to wait for Rory. This indefatigable fellow was not long in feeding and cleaning Don, and rejoining me.

"I was fortunate in hearing, on my first inquiry, of a ship that was to sail in the evening for Belfast. My only difficulty now was to escape from Rory; but he guessed my inten-



tion, and watched all my motions ; and when I absolutely forbid him from going with me in the boat, he said it was of no consequence, that he would throw himself into the sea, and ride on the back of a white wave to the ship. I saw that he was so intent on carrying his point, that he would risk drowning himself : I therefore asked it as a favour, that he would remain behind, to try and sell Don to the best advantage, giving him leave afterwards to join me here, and I have no doubt but he will soon arrive ; one advantage of my commission will be enabling me to keep a servant without expense, and I shall be greatly happy to provide for this kind and faithful creature. Hitherto he has provided for me ; for on coming on board I found a large basket of provisions containing choice pies and pastry, as well as cold meats, which he had placed in my cabin with my small portmanteau."

We all joined in Rory's praise, but Merritt M'Cormick's name never passed our lips again. We were now busy preparing for Maurice's wedding, which it was settled should take place before O'Sullivan's departure.

O'Sullivan recovered his spirits, Maurice trod on air, even Berrett's needle was idle ; the widow Tual alone plied her work till past the midhour of night ; for she worked for Berrett, while I, poor old fool, promised myself and them many days of happiness.

Maurice's wedding was again delayed for some seven weeks, by the illness of the widow

Tual, who I thought would have died; and Berrett was in such poignant distress, that Maurice did not venture even to talk to her of himself or herself.

During this time we heard frequently of Una, not that we had ever lost sight of her, but hitherto she had lived a retired and peaceful life with good lady M'Cartney, secure from all dangers and temptations, and happy and contented in her humble situation. She saw no one but a few female friends of Lady M'Cartney, whose conversation was refined and pious, and who had noticed Una with much kindness.

But the scene was now changed, they were gone to Paris, where Lady M'Cartney lived at court. I wrote for intelligence to my friend, Madame's confessor, to whose superintendence I recommended Una; he was a man of the world, and knew the world, and his judgment I could depend on. He said that nothing was ever seen so charming and beautiful as Una; but though every one extolled her, her dependant situation prevented any one from much noticing her; she was not sufficiently free from vanity, to bear patiently and goodhumouredly the being at once an object of admiration and neglect, but showed more signs of pride and fretfulness than he could approve.

I did not mention this to Maurice, but wrote to Una, setting forth the great value of humility, and earnestly recommending her to submit her conduct to the guidance of the father Dupré.

In the mean time the widow Tual resumed her ordinary state of health, and Maurice's wedding was again in preparation, and that nothing might be wanting, Rory oge O'Sullivan made his appearance.

It was late in the evening, when we heard a voice outside the door cry, "God bless this house, if it be father O'Brien's, and a happy death to those therein."

"It is Rory," cried O'Sullivan, starting up, and running to the door.

It was Rory indeed ; O'Sullivan and Maurice each seized one of his hands, and gave him a hearty welcome ; but the next moment could not refrain from a fit of laughter at his strange equipment. He was dressed in a compleat suit of black velvet, with not less than twenty yards of black crape round his hat, and at least a dozen of linen weepers hanging from his shoulder.

"In the name of Dis and Proserpine, and all the infernal deities, fates, and furies to boot, what is the meaning of this metamorphose ?" said O'Sullivan ; "but come, get father O'Brien's blessing, and then sit down by the fire and tell us your whole history, for I do not yet know where you got all the pastry, that you put on board with me."

"Your blessing, father, and long may you reign ;" said Rory, wiping his eyes and whimpering not a little. Then the next moment

catching a smile from O'Neal and O'Sullivan ; " I did not intend," he said, " to have come in on you so unawares, for fear my weeper might have scared the ladies ; but when I found myself at the door, and heard your voices within, I could not refrain. The pastry, master dear ! sure you did not think I would let you go to be starved at sea, while I had wit to beg or borrow, and more pride than valued a repulse from those low born city people ? If you must know, I overtook in the street an old tattered thing, without cap or stocking, and her back breaking under a basket of meat, ' mother,' said I, ' rest your old bones, set down that mountain of victuals, and I'll carry it for you to the world's end, if you are bound so far.' ' You are a gracious lad' replied the old crone, ' and well found, for my hips are killed outright, and I'd be dead before I brought that load home, though it is only to alderman Shew's in the next street.—Take it up, and I'll not fear that you will run away with it.' She helped me up with it ; and when she let it go, I thought I had got Knocksheegowna\* on my back. However I went bravely on with it, but blessed my stars that the alderman's was so nigh.

" Here," said she, when we entered the kitchen, " here, Mrs. Cook, is your meat, and you might have waited a good while for it, for I was nigh spent, but that I met with this good lad, that took it off my shoulders, and well he deserves, for the load is too great for any but a beast of burden, or the likes of me."

\* The bill of the fairy Una,



“Thanks to him, and cut him a collop of the meat,” said this empress of cooks, “for I was in a taking, lest the meat would be too late for the soups and gravies.” “And are you a going to make soups and gravies?” said I, “Lo and behold ye, you might search from Bantry to Berehaven, and you would not find such a hand at soups and gravies, let alone fricandeaus, farcies, bouillies as myself, though it is not I that should say it; sure was not I head kitchen boy five years under Monsieur Pafai (and he was a proper cook), at the ancient and glorious castle of Berehaven, where prince Hi Sullivan Bere held his state, O never to be named by me but with gushing tears?” (and I wept a turn.)—“But try me, madam, and you’ll find that I make no dish-wash, or curdled cream, and call them soups: I’ll not mix up flour and butter and cream, and palm it off for cullis.”

“The cook looked gracious, and without more ado I stripped, and soon showed her the difference between French and Cork cooking; and as she was a woman of good judgment, she gave me due praise, and the relics of the pastry at parting, and the alderman and his company were so enchanted with their fare, that the kitchen was ever at my service; indeed I parted from the cook, Mrs. Sweetman, with great wo; for though she was somewhat bleareyed from the fire, she was a gentle thing, and had much discretion.

“But then to the main business, to dispose of Don. Since we must sunder, said I, you shall not go for less than forty pounds, and if I was

not in haste, you are well worth a hundred. The hostler put his soul into the business, and I took Don to every one, gentle and simple, in the town, that wanted a horse.—But oh, the noble beast! resolved was he, that none but a prince, or friend, should mount his back; and though he would pace as gently as a lamb, when I got on his back, yet he fairly flung every one of the Cork squires, that ventured to mount him.

“Thus was I thrown all on a heap, till the hostler, at a last lift, gave me a commendation to the state upholsterer of the town, who, by the mercies of the Saints, happened at the moment to want both a horse and a coachman; and a great funeral pressing to be performed. It wrung my heart to part with Don for twenty guineas, but I was resolute to stick to Mr. Fanchase, the funeral-man, till I realized the other twenty. Both Don and I were to his taste; and the second day did not pass, till he was made sensible, that he had got a proper lad for his trade. The defunct was a lady of quality, and her husband a bit of a Milesian, that had some notion of what was proper at a funeral; and he would have it recited afore, that it might be all to his mind. But when he heard the old women screech, that were to be the mourners, he was besides himself, for they had degenerated so much from the true Coronach, that they made a yell that could not but be unpalatable to Christian ears. Then it was I that set all to rights; and by given out the true notes myself, and keeping them practising till you would have thought the world at an end, I

got them all in tune. Then I showed how the grandfather's corpse went in procession, and instead of letting the riders go all in a lump, put them two and two with foot mourners between, so that the train looked truly grand, and the gentleman was in raptures thereat. And had you seen how princely Don looked, with his head nodding with black feathers, and only a snail's pace to go for the most part, with plenty of oats to make him look comely, you would be well satisfied with the disposition I made of him. Then it was I that got the credit, and from that day out, the upholsterer scarcely ventured to say his soul was his own, so much he deferred to me.

"He was a soft man, and a good liver : and who had a better right ? for he made his money easily, and was no neger.—Sorry he was to part with me, and offered me high wages to stay, but my heart was with you here, and I told him it was time to be gone. At parting, he complimented me with a score of weepers which will make good shirts, and a cast pall of velvet, that I got cut up into suits. "So, dear master, here is proof enough, that you may let me serve you, without fearing an incumbrance."

"My kind, affectionate fellow," said Hi Sullivan, "you shall only change your black for red, and we part no more."

"Blessed hour!" cried Rory.

We then acquainted Rory with the state of affairs, and he allowed, "that if it was not for a

few thoughts about the old castle, we had reason to be right joyous."

We now prepared for Maurice's wedding, and Rory proved himself ambidexter, shining equally at funeral and wedding: and when we sat down to the wedding dinner, all bore witness, that he had not spoken with undue praise of his skill in cookery, for he superintended the whole. Maurice seemed exalted above all humankind; even James Hi Sullivan for the moment seemed quite eclipsed; and if ever Maurice felt conscious of royal blood in his veins, it was now, when the possession of Berghetta seemed to place him in a prosperity above kings. Our jest was now to convict Rory of a surpassing admiration of Berritt; his eyes were scarcely ever off her, and whenever she spoke, he listened with his lips wide apart, and when she ceased, he would recover himself with a deep drawn sigh. He had never seen any thing like her in female kind; the gentleness and distinctness of her utterance, the sweetness of her voice, and the simple wisdom of all she said, captivated his regards; but when he became acquainted with the piety, which was dominant over all her feelings, he regarded her as a saint. Then she would sing for him the old Irish songs her father had brought from the Wicklow mountains, which tallied with many that Rory had learnt in Connaught, about the exploits of Fin the son of Comhal, or, as they call him, Fin M'Coul. He was quite beside himself, and would chafe and leave us when Maurice pretended to be jealous, and sometimes raised a blush on Berrett's cheek.



Oh happy days ! how shortly did you abide !

Hi Sullivan lingered with us, and no wonder ; but I thought it best at last, that he should no longer neglect his uncle's offer, and having inquired and heard of a ship bound to Bourdeaux, he fixed to leave us.

Tears were shed at parting, but not bitter tears, for hope was then still bright.

Hi Sullivan told me, that the first absence he could procure from his regiment he would employ in seeking Una ; and I prognosticated the attachment, that would take place between them.

Maurice returned to his home, which he had made quite elegant for the reception of Berrett and her mother. The kitchen was flagged, and the best rooms boarded, so that there was no dirt a foot ; and every room was ceiled, so that no dust or hangings dropped from above ; sizeable windows, that opened, made the house cheerful and healthy ; and there was such a plenty of furniture and flowers, that he might be counted to have made good his pledge of bringing his wife to as good a house as that of the Mapletons.

Still, however, he set all his land, except one field he kept for a cow, and stuck to his daily task work ; so that beside the rent, he was sure of a large in-coming of wages at the end of the year ; and as Berrett was about to bring him a family, he never wasted a moment in idleness,

and never spent a penny out of his house. Yet his dress and every thing about him were in a superior style to any thing in the neighbourhood, which proceeded from his care in allowing nothing to be damaged by his neglect. So great now was the opinion entertained of his being a judicious young man, that, if the price of any thing, of crops, or cattle, or measurement, was to be left to a valuation, it was always referred to him; and as it was known, that he had a conscience, no one ever demurred to his saying. In like manner with all differences and disputes; and though they took up much of his time, he never grudged it, as he counted it a duty owing to his neighbours.

Berrett never was seen out of her house, except for prayers, or when another woman was in sickness or sorrow, or when children ailed. Then she would make her way through all weathers, and had still some little assistance of medicine or clothing to give; or, when this was ineffectual or not wanted, she would read a chapter of the Bible, judiciously selected, by the bedside of the sufferer. On the fine summer's evenings too she would collect the children of the neighbouring cabins, and teach them more in an hour, than schools teach in a day. Every moment that she could spare from her husband, her mother, and her work, she spent at her devotions, and the perusal of the Testament. The only tears she ever shed were, when Maurice seemed jealous of her staying too long from him, and complained that she was too good. There never was so blest a couple; and that nothing might be wanting to

their happiness, Berrett in the first five years of their marriage became the mother of three children, two boys and a girl, who from their infancy were the most lovely creatures eyes ever beheld. Berrett was now obliged to attend entirely to these, and could earn little by her work ; but it did not matter, as Maurice had been sufficiently provident, and was now grown quite wealthy, so that Berrett enjoyed every comfort, and had the satisfaction of seeing her children always neat and clean.

Besides, the widow Tual seemed to recover her youth and strength, in her daughter's happiness ; and her lace, which was an uncommon fabric in this part of the country, sold for no inconsiderable sum.

They always rejoiced me with a visit, at least twice in the year, at the Easter and Christmas holydays, and many an odd day I made some excuse for spending my time with them. Shall I ever forget the delight of Berrett's countenance, when I gave my blessing to her darling children ?

We heard, though of course not often, as the communication was difficult, from Hi Sullivan. He was frequently in action, and acquired renown ; but complained of the uncultivated manners of the officers, so different from those of Maurice ; and mentioned the very slow increase of his little pay, which had prevented him from refunding Maurice's money as he had intended. Rory, he said, was a great comfort, though he never ceased to sigh for Ireland, and sorrow for

the castle of Berehaven. Let me be quick now, for it does me no good at my time of life, to dwell upon misfortunes, and upon what cannot be bettered.

The widow Tual died suddenly, while sitting in her chair by the fire-side : faintings, and a temporary loss of reason, succeeded on Berghetta's part; she had often said to me, that she could not survive the loss of either her mother, her husband, or children; and though I imagined, that with years she had acquired more endurance, she best knew the fragility of the thread on which her life depended. Alarmed at her situation, I proposed to Maurice, that he should bury her mother with her husband, at the Re Feast, at the Seven Churches, in the county of Wicklow, as I divined that Berrett would exert herself for the performance of this pious duty : and so far, I was not deceived; the necessity of exertion brought Berrett to herself. I agreed to accompany her, and Maurice would not separate her from the children, but took them with him. It was summer, and the weather fine; the journey, though long, was not inconvenient; and Maurice's tenderness, and the sweet society of her children, seemed gradually to restore Berrett, but though she smiled as usual, she spoke little.

Arrived at the Seven Churches, we were hospitably entertained by one of the clan of the Tuals; few of them were left in the country, but this had prospered, having a good lease of the archbishop's lands, and a large herd of cattle, and an infinitude of sheep, so that his house was quite pastoral and patriarchal.



When our sad errand was performed, I took great delight in viewing the solemn and magnificent scenery, in which this most ancient Irish university was placed. What can be more superb than the slight yet stupendous round tower, that, rising from the border of the lake, seems to overlook the mountain tops? I paced with melancholy feelings the pavement of the ancient streets, and meditated in the ancient churches, where the quicken had planted its roots in the fissures of the stone roofs. How gloomy would be the thought of the unrecorded dead, but that religion gives them an interest in our memories and anticipations. Darling Berghetta seemed soothed by the quiet of the place, but she had not yet recovered her natural rest. It was the third morning after we had buried her mother, that she whispered to me, that she would be glad if I would walk with her to the Refeast, as Maurice was going on the mountains to see the sheep flock, and she wished to speak to me alone.

I met her as she desired, but she said nothing but what was common, as we walked along the brink of the lake, and the wild path, that led to the Refeast. This building was entirely darkened by large thorns, quickens, and ash trees, that hung over it. Berrett entered it, sat down upon a slab that covered the tomb of king O Tual, and made me sit beside her.

“I wish, father,” said she, “to tell you what happened to me here last night. I was restless in bed, and seeing the moon shining bright through the window, I felt a desire I could not get the better of, to visit my mother’s grave.

Maurice was fast asleep, so I dressed myself, and leaving the house quietly, I did not stop till I came to this spot. On entering, it was quite dark, but I perceived in that corner rather a light appearance, that kept my eyes fixed on the spot; then I heard a low voice which I could not mistake, it was my mother's, that said, 'do not be afraid, Berghetta.'

"Any fears that I had immediately ceased, and presently I could perceive, though dimly, the very form and countenance of my mother. Think of my transport. 'What is it, dear mother,' I cried, 'that you would say?' for I did not venture to move from the spot, lest the appearance should vanish.

" 'You will die, Berghetta,' I heard her say, 'but do not fear; neither grieve for Maurice nor your children; they will come to us; give yourself up to God, who cares for all his creatures.'

"I then seemed to hear sweet music, and the vision disappeared, not at once, but gradually getting fainter and fainter."

I could not doubt Berrett's veracity, and if ever a mortal deserved a communication from Heaven, it was herself. She seemed pleased at my not calling the wonderful account in question, and now seemed so exalted above all the cares of life, that grief had no longer hold on her, only that by the avoiding any mention of Maurice and her children, I could perceive she did not feel strength enough to dwell on the idea of parting from them.

She now conversed as usual, and even with increased cheerfulness, so that Maurice was quite delighted, and willingly prolonged his stay on the invitation of our worthy host. But Berrett did not miss any unstrained opportunity of pressing the ideas of God and a future world upon Maurice's mind, and this he thought but natural after her late loss. She would sit too motionless, gazing with delight on her children for a long time; but this she had been accustomed to, and used often to reproach herself with it as an idleness; so that there was nothing to prepare Maurice for the blow that fell on him. I had advised her not to mention what had occurred to her at the Refeast, for if nothing followed, Maurice would only have been the more inclined to check her propensity to religious thoughts, and he had already shown that he was inclined to do so.

We were sitting at breakfast, it might be ten days after her mother's funeral, and Maurice was hastening us, that we might go to Saint Kevin's cave, when Berrett said, smiling, "if it was not for shame of being thought lazy, I had much rather lie down and go to sleep."

"Lean your head then on my breast," said Maurice, still in jest.

She did so; and closed her eyes. I, who watched her, saw her face become pale as she sunk gradually in Maurice's lap.

"Take care," said I, "she is not well." Alas! while I spoke she was past all our care,

her spirit, perfect in holiness, had passed without a struggle to its immortal destination. Poor Maurice ! spoiled by unceasing prosperity, habituated to find success attend on all his endeavours, unknown to himself he had become presumptuous and selfconfident. He received the stroke as if it had been dealt by a secret enemy, he seemed overwhelmed equally by astonishment and desperation, and, when his tears ceased to flow, appeared impatient, bewildered, and farouche.

I refrained from admonition, for I knew his nature and sense, and waited patiently till the mists that obscured his mind dispersed.

At length, when a few days had passed, he came to me, and after indulging in tears for an instant ; " Father," he said, " I have thought more and to better purpose these last four days, than I have done all the rest of my life ; and the first evidence of it is, that I now plainly perceive my own amazing folly and imbecility, when I thought myself wise, and safe in this world's prosperity. But my eyes are opened, and I do not now regret, though my tears still fall, and he stopped awhile and wept ; I do not now regret our separation. I need not grieve for her ; and tell me, am I not right in concluding, that it is true wisdom to think little about oneself, when the pursuit of one's own happiness must in this world end in disappointment ?"

" You are right, my son," I replied, " the less we think of ourselves, the happier we are even here. The people who shine and prosper,



even if they meet no fatal reverses, such as yours, wither under the natural change of life. Scarcely do we reach five and thirty, but a few gray hairs, a few wrinkles, are able to make the vainest and proudest aghast ; put the best appearance on it they can, they are conscious that the enjoyment of life is worth nothing. It is this early decay, (and wisely was it intended,) which brings religion home to the heart, and will establish it there as long as mankind lasts, in spite of all the subtilty of the infidel. But do not let your worldly ruin chill your heart. On the contrary, knowing what it is to suffer, exert yourself to diminish the evil, that besets the children of men. This is God's purpose in all his wonderful efforts ; aspire to be an auxiliary under his command ; need I say, warm your children's hearts to assist those who suffer ; fortify their minds to bear what sufferings may befall themselves, and protect them from all the ills you are able."

"Protect them !" replied Maurice ; "oh, father, I live only to make this atonement to their angel mother.—Might I but die for them, perhaps I might meet her again without shame. Do you not remember, when all the people said I was such a good husband, she thought me so too, and so did I myself ; what a cloud is removed from my judgment ! how clearly I see now, that to that tender, gentle, and feeling spirit, all my usage was rude and unkind, and every word I uttered almost a wrong !"

I did my best to support Maurice, though I was heartstricken myself ; for Berghetta's na

ture seemed so much to invite affection, and having no vanity or selfishness that ever repelled one, no one knew her but loved her, and there was no death ever occasioned so much sincere regret in my parish.

Our journey had been melancholy coming, it was wretched returning. Poor Maurice had still to return to his lonely home, but after having surmounted the great blow, he had too vigorous a mind to be overcome by localities. The duties of my parish, so long neglected, called me away from him; but when I was able to go to see him, for he could not stir on account of the children, I was well satisfied with him.

As far as he himself was concerned, he seemed to have forgotten that a world existed, looking only to Heaven; and this gave him a greater air of quiet and contentment than I had ever seen him wear before.—Whenever opportunity occurred, he exerted himself to lighten other people's ills, but they no longer surprised him; he looked confidently to God, certain that in the end all evil would be overcome. His great difficulty now was, that he had no female relative to take care of his children; he was loth to recal Una from a genteel station to his melancholy cabin, nor could he bear to place them where they might acquire low or vicious habits. He felt a pleasure in the trouble they gave him, and a kind of acquittance to Berghetta's memory, and determined to rear them himself. But to do this, he was obliged to abandon all his industry, and to live entirely upon his former earnings.

I found he had entirely altered his mode of living, his diet being only potatoes, a little salt, and water.

I remonstrated with him on this, but he said now that he did no work, there was no occasion for his living better ; that it would be four or five years before his children could go out with him, and during that time he must depend upon his little fund of savings, and yet stint his children in nothing. He was right, for the late sad mishaps had made away with much of his money, and he thought best to sell the interest in his farm till his son came of age, that he might be certain to have all things convenient for his children.

In this kind of repose, where hope at last is patient, time flies quickly. Maurice's children, endowed by nature with their mother's excellent judgment and soft heart, seemed only to require time to unfold every good quality ; put them out of question, and there was but one event, that could powerfully stir Maurice's soul, and that was the arrival of James Hi Sullivan. The kindness he had received from him, when he was so much his inferior, never ceased to fill his eyes with tears, when any chance brought it strongly to his mind ; and he would dwell with delight on all his noble qualities.

Yet years passed away, and O'Sullivan could get no opportunity to leave his regiment for sufficient length of time to come to Ireland ; though he had been able to go several times to Paris, where he had introduced himself to Una,

and, as might easily have been foreseen, they were taken with each other. Yet Maurice was not rejoiced at this, he saw no likelihood of their marrying, without involving Hi Sullivan in want; and he thought that he perceived in O'Sullivan's letters something too *romanesque* in their attachment.—“Look,” said he to me, “does not this seem as if it were the moist and fickle impression of eyesight? alas! I cannot be mistaken in the signs of that faithful love, which is built upon worthiness, and which neither time nor death can weaken or extinguish.”

Maurice spoke as he felt; for though religion, like the clear Heaven, is without clouds, still nature shows the devastation of the storm that has passed by; and though his purified spirit had shaken off a load of earthly care, like the palm-tree striving most upwards the more it is burdened, yet, even though years were past, his days were spent in thought, and in sadness his nights.

Maurice would not say so, but I guessed he imagined, that Una might be more captivating, than humbly pious. Father Dupré had indeed complained of a tendency he had observed in her to coquetry, but the sincerity of her love for Hi Sullivan had entirely cured her of this fault.

Another year sped on, it was the fifth since Berghetta's death, when Maurice came to pay me a visit, bringing his darling children. I felicitated him on recovering his robustness and hale looks. He told me, that he had now



resumed his labour, as one of his sons was able to accompany him, while the other remained at home with his sister; “and they are so intelligent,” he said, “and thoughtful, that I can trust them by themselves with perfect security; they never leave the house, or open the door, till I return, but employ themselves in many little works, and learning their lessons for the evening. You cannot imagine what good labourers the boys are, and my little girl is very ingenious. I have long promised them, as the greatest reward I could give for their being so good, that they should come and help to set your house and garden to rights; it is gone sadly to ruin, and we must not have any thing look melancholy against our dearest O’Sullivan and Una return.”

He had received a letter from O’Sullivan, telling him of his wish, which we considered the same as an intention of quitting the army, and returning to Ireland, as Una had consented to do so, and leading the same life as Maurice had done. “Can I follow a better example?” concluded O’Sullivan, “and have not I legs and arms as you have?”

Maurice showed me his answer. It began,—“I joy in your friendship, but I joy more in your good;” and earnestly dissuaded him from coming. He argued, that early habits of labour were necessary to make a life of labour palatable, and that the severe exertion, in which he found a pleasure, would be intolerable and disgusting to O’Sullivan.

"But," he continued, "I am certain he will come, for his will has become self-indulgent, from the deference so long paid to him by all, and he does not yet know how to stoop to the little necessities of life.

"He now meets abroad Irishmen of nearly his own rank, who have been driven from this country, and are like circumstanced with himself; and by his own account his rank is acknowledged by all the foreign courts: this alone must be very grateful, and he has as good a chance as the many other Irishmen, that have risen to the first military situations in France and Germany. Even if he could be contented himself, he will not be able to endure to see Una a mere cottage housewife; and I am certain she would, in time, regret her situation."

I commended Maurice's counsel, and indeed it was so discernible, that O'Sullivan's best hope of a fortunate marriage with Una was by attaching himself to his regiment, that I trusted it would prevail.

"What makes me more anxious about Una," said Maurice, after meditating a while, "is, that I have now no means of assisting her or my friend, if they should need it. These children revive in my breast again the wish to make a competency; for to be in want leads, I think, to every evil, and I would willingly shield them from the risks I have run myself. Would you believe it, and it is with astonishment I feel it myself, that I am often very happy? These sweet companions of mine never give me a

moment's trouble, and are so soothing and caressing, that I sometimes think not many are more blessed."

In truth these children were quite extraordinary; for their talk, though innocent, was quite serious and reflective; while not a sign of impatience, envy, or humour, ever appeared in their dispositions; and all three were so entirely gentle in their voices, looks, and manners, that they seemed to bring a sweet stillness even where care and sorrow abided.

It was the most charming sight, to see the comportment of the lads to their sister; when she was not by, they were always hand in hand, and seemed to grow together; but when she was present, they seemed to forget each other, and to have no wish or business but to attend to her—all their play and employment was about her, and this, with the excessive anxiousness of her father about her, would have spoiled any other little head; but she early proved herself her mother's child, for her heart was always too full of nature and affection, to leave any space for vanity.

Maurice was preparing to return, when one evening we perceived a vessel nearing the island, and when she approached, she lay too, and fired a shot. Maurice divined, that Hi Sullivan was on board, and running down the rock, put off in a small boat, and setting a sail, made for the ship. It was as he guessed. In half an hour he returned with James Hi Sullivan, Una, and Rory. Poor Maurice looked

pale and aghast, for the idea of what he had suffered since they parted mastered all the pleasure he received from the return of his dear friend ; but he hung over Una with tenderness, while Rory wept aloud, as he clasped the three children in his arms.

The next morning we met in better spirits. Hi Sullivan and Maurice had been early abroad, to impart the several vicissitudes that had happened to each since they were separated ; I, meanwhile, questioned Rory : breakfast was ready by the time they returned, but Una had not come down, as the children detained her, with whom she was quite captivated.

When she appeared, Maurice and I exchanged looks of admiration ; we had thought her beautiful the evening before, though then she was fatigued and in a muffled and disordered dress. But now she appeared in all the beauty of dress, colour, and feature ; uniting the dark hair, eyes, and brow of the continent, with the pure complexion of her native country ; while her manners and gesture had the ease and polish of the French court. She led her little niece, Geraldine, in her hand, whose flaxen hair, blue eyes, and scarcely tinged cheeks, were in perfect contrast. “ Dear brother,” said Una, “ I have been trying to seduce my pretty niece to leave you, and live with me ; but she has a constant little heart, and though she owns she loves me very much, she says she will not leave you for a day.”

I was much pleased with Una for the affec-



tion she already showed the children, and for the constant deference and respect she paid her brother. Nor could one be surprised, that Hi Sullivan was imprudent with such temptation, though he was really more so than we even imagined.

When the first delight of meeting had subsided, I perceived a constraint in Hi Sullivan's manner. He and Una separated themselves, as it were, from us, which Maurice did not observe, as it was natural; but I thought I perceived something at the bottom more than mutual love, there was a sudden silence if interrupted, and an anxiety lest they should be overheard, that told me there was some mystery in the case. I thought I should be informed in the usual course of their religious duties, but what shocked me much was, that they avoided every occasion of opening their minds to me in christian confidence.

I at length imparted my doubts to Maurice, but he made light of them, saying he had such confidence in the nobleness and openness of Hi Sullivan, that either there was nothing to be known, or he should be made acquainted with it before many days past.

It was not many days before Maurice came to me in the deepest sorrow:—"I know this fatal secret," he said, "Hi Sullivan began to sound me on the subject; and a word was enough to discover to me what was passing: he could not evade my questions; and I know it all; and O! I foresee too plainly where it will

end." He clasped his hands in extreme distress.

"It seems," he continued, "that peace has taken place, and in consequence a number of regiments have been disbanded, and a great many Irish officers, but not Hi Sullivan, were discharged. These, from idleness, and desperate fortune, have formed a plan to excite the low people here, and put themselves at the head of them. I, who know this people, how easy it is to inflame them, but how difficult to direct them, or keep them steady to any purpose, can see the danger and desperation of the enterprise; but it has charms for Hi Sullivan, that inflame all the noble yet unreflecting passions of his soul. Already he has left an honourable profession; already he has embarked Una in this enterprise of peril. She left Lady M'Cartney, and left her in displeasure: surely this was being too headstrong. Though she might trust herself to Hi Sullivan's protection as safely as to mine, yet, when Lady M'Cartney objected as she did, Una ought not to have accompanied him. Una too is impatient, when she perceives I do not approve of the step she has taken; and already this evil has taken place, that our mutual confidence is diminished.

"Hi Sullivan has pressed me to join in their projects, and has offered me titles and commands. I have told him, that where he is implicated, it is not possible but I must be drawn in: but that I never will conceal my conviction, that the whole enterprise is wild and impracticable. I urge in vain to him, that

he had a clear and honourable destiny to fulfil, sufficient for his interest, his happiness, and glory : and his reply to me is, that the sea of glory has no banks : so that we are cast upon an uncertain and dark project, that must end in failure, and perhaps ruin."

"This is a sad narrative," I replied, "but has not Una any influence, to stay this from going farther?"

"Oh, no, Una is equally exalted; she has suffered from the pride of the great, and, overweening herself, she gives her whole soul to rise above them, or pull them down."

"And has he told you all their plans?"

"All; and none of them have any show of consistency, or of means equal to their aim."

As I deemed there was nothing like matter of fact to effect the cure of these fantasies, I did not lend myself much to oppose Hi Sullivan; and Maurice, from a dread of appearing to separate himself in the least degree from his interests and affection, when once he had given his opinion, said no more, but seemed to yield himself to Hi Sullivan's guidance. And Hi Sullivan, seeing things near appear under a different aspect from what they did at a distance, might have abandoned the design, but for the engagements he had assented to on the continent. One of these, and indeed the most feasible part of the scheme, was, for Hi Sullivan to go to Berehaven, and try in what force the clan of the Sullivans could be gathered.

On Sunday, Hi Sullivan appeared in his dress uniform, all glitter, all in gold ; and he looked so princely and gorgeous, that while Maurice looked on him with delight, he said to me,—“ How can we wonder, or blame him for aspiring high, when he seems formed for rank and station ? there is nothing left but to share his danger, and guard him from it if possible.”

The time of this ill-fated expedition arrived. Hi Sullivan was in such buoyant spirits, that he seemed to charm away foresight and apprehension : and on his promising, that, if I would accompany him, just to perform a mass for his father's repose, he would engage in no enterprise of danger, I trusted that for the present there was none. Nothing could be more out of season for Maurice, particularly as Una was resolute to accompany Hi Sullivan. Maurice had to part from his children for the first time ; and he could do no better than leave them under Rory's care, who had become so much attached to them, that he readily consented to stay behind to tend them ; particularly as he said he could not now abide the sight of the old castle of Berehaven.

Hi Sullivan could not be happy unless Maurice confederated with him ; and he relied upon the influence he had over him, to lead him by degrees to join hand and heart with him, wilfully assured, that he should exalt his friend as well as himself.

What money O'Sullivan had saved he devoted to making a handsome appearance on his



return to his ancient possessions; rightly judging, that his influence over his sept, would be increased by a prosperous appearance. He likewise determined to sell part of his regalia, a brooch studded with emeralds; saying that for such a purpose he well knew his father would have wished him to part with it. All this was negotiated in Dublin, and with good success, and Hi Sullivan provided himself an equipage, that was sufficiently costly.

We proceeded without any interruption to Cork; and Maurice found out the good-natured undertaker, who readily consented, when he found he was an acquaintance of Rory's, to lend him Don for some days, that he might go on before, and prepare accommodation for Hi Sullivan and Una at one of the tenants' houses.

When he arrived at Berehaven, and it became known, that Hi Sullivan was returning, distinguished by glory gained in foreign service, the whole sept was in commotion. There was an end to all work and business. They collected in groupes, every one asking questions, and living upon surmises and expectations. Happy were they who could get near to Maurice, and make him repeat over and over again the tidings of their beloved chieftain.

Last among the rest came Merritt M'Cor-mick; but he asked no questions, but waited sullenly, as if to see what reception Maurice would give him. Maurice never could harbour ill will, and grief had exceedingly softened his disposition; so that he accosted Merritt with

his early wish to be of service to him. He was shocked to see him at so early an age already decrepit, and though it was natural he should have taken some pains with his appearance, he was dirty and ragged.

Maurice inquired of him how he had thriven under the new owners of the castle.

"Thrive !" said Merritt, "why as that witch-elm does under the west wind—nothing thrives under them ; they are negers, they have racked the tenants, and they have brought a mildew and murrain with them, that have consumed what they have left."

"And how is your wife?"

"Dead.—She let the two children burn themselves, and she had nature enough to pine after them ; she got a stitch one night the rain come in on her bed, and died of it."

"And is your mother yet alive?"

"O yes, her stomach is burnt up with whiskey, and I don't believe one of her own poisonous stews would touch it."

The day that Hi Sullivan left Cork for Berehaven, the whole sept poured out upon the road, and we were met by the multitude long before we arrived.—The press stopped us entirely, nor would they allow us to proceed, till Hi Sullivan showed himself. He was dressed in full uniform, and never in his proudest days had

looked more resplendent. Admiration and devoted love held them for a while in silence and tears; and then a universal shout rent the air. Every fresh groupe detained us in the same manner, and those who had been followers at the castle would not be easy, till they had kissed Hi Sullivan's hand. Una's eyes beamed delight, to see Hi Sullivan still so great in the affection of his people; and she herself rosy and radiant soon divided their admiration with him. But all this made us very late in arriving, though Maurice's care had made every thing comfortable, and nothing was wanting on the part of the honoured O'Sullivan, in whose house the prince had fixed to abide.

Hi Sullivan's mind was feverish, as it were; sometimes depressed by the scene of his altered fortunes, sometimes elevated by the triumphs of the day. Maurice sat lost in thought; till Hi Sullivan, observing it, asked him if any thing disagreeable had happened.

"No," said Maurice, "on the contrary every thing favours your enterprise beyond all probability; look out of the window, and you can see, even by the light of the moon, the multitudes that move restless backwards and forwards, drawn from all parts to the spot where you are. I am convinced, that to-morrow you might be at the head of ten thousand men, but what are they worth without arms, discipline, or confidence? No, I was thinking of Merritt M'Corrick, and the longer I think, the more certain I am, that he has obtained intelligence of your plans. He hinted, nay even proposed it all to

me, with such assurance of approbation, that I saw at once that he was advised of it. I looked him steadily in the face, and he coloured and hung down his head. I am certain he knows it, but how could he possibly come by that knowledge. O, let me implore you not to slight my conjectures ; there is but one way, it has been told to too many confederates in France ; some of them have been indiscreet, government has obtained intelligence of your designs from its foreign agents, and Merritt is employed as a spy to watch your coming. There are soldiers, though not many, quartered at Bantry, some of them have come as far as this, and Merritt is acquainted with at least one of them."

Hi Sullivan laughed at Maurice's conjectures ; " is there any thing so wonderful," he said, " in this coincidence, when Merritt only blurted out what is uppermost in every Irishman's head ; and as for knowing a soldier, does he not know all the world, at least all the idle world ? I like the fellow for it, and will forgive him, call him up, I dare say he is not far off, and we will cross examine him."

Maurice went out, and soon found him among the crowd : when he came up, it was astonishing with what impudence, by seeming to take it for granted that every thing was forgot, he ensured that nothing should be remembered. To Hi Sullivan's inquiries about the castle he answered with such bitter and violent invectives against its present inhabitants, that he quite gained on Hi Sullivan ; and before he left the



room he had almost taken him into favour again. Maurice mean while from a distance scrutinised him attentively ; and when he had left the room, and Hi Sullivan asked Maurice if he was not now convinced, that in this instance he wronged Merritt ; he replied, “ by no means, I see that he hates them, but I am not convinced that he does not hate you. You forget that I am used to his ways from childhood, pray then do not slight my opinion of him, but be on your guard, trust him in nothing, and persevere in the assurance you have given father O’Brien, that you will do nothing rashly.”

Maurice was right to a tittle, and it shows how great his penetration was. The Irish officers, who had urged Hi Sullivan on, feeling perfectly secure in Paris, thought little of his danger in Ireland, and indulged in venting their resentments, and pampering their self conceit by indiscreet confidences of their projects, and anticipations of their success. These reached the ears of English agents, who were too much interested not to exert themselves to fathom the whole plot ; they had notice of Hi Sullivan’s departure for Ireland, and his intention of going to Berhaven. The Irish government, instructed of this, sent down an officer without, who employed a trusty soldier to procure a native of the country to give him notice of Hi Sullivan’s coming, and the soldier, meeting Merritt at a public house, soon discovered that he was the person he wanted.

Merritt had not a feeling about country, or who ruled and reigned ; but he had gone from

bad to worse, under the English comers, and he hated them with all the narrow bigotry of spite, because they were strangers and English, and earnestly prayed their ruin; but he hated Hi Sullivan still more, never forgiving or forgetting the lash he had received from him. And we shall see how this miserable instrument was able to effect the ruin of both, by the imprudence of Hi Sullivan.

Finding himself tolerated, he was now indefatigable in throwing himself in Hi Sullivan's way; he bettered his dress, he whetted his gibes and jokes, yet never lost an opportunity of inflaming Hi Sullivan with some parable against the Dales, the present possessors of the castle. When Hi Sullivan heard of his poor tenantry being fleeced and flayed, his generous indiscretion led him into denunciations and imprecations against them; not one of which did Merritt let fall to earth, but repeated them with exacerbations of his own through all the sept, so that these poor people, who might have been startled at seeking revenge for their own injuries, were seduced with the show of duty, magnanimity, and self devotion, in revenging the wrongs of their adored chieftain.

Merritt's manœuvres did not entirely escape Maurice's observation; and again he entreated Hi Sullivan not to confide in him; "from the appearance of your favour, he takes upon himself with the people more than is to your honour. I say nothing of his trying to render me suspected with them, as that may be from old dislike, as well as from knowing how I am bound to you."

Una was inclined to take Merritt's part ; she remembered him only when he was a rosy playful boy, and she could not believe him so old in villainy.

" I should praise your good nature," replied Maurice, " if I was not certain, that Hi Sullivan's dearest interests are at stake. Ask father O'Brien, and he, I am sure, will not think my suspicions of Merritt unreasonable."

Indeed I did not, but still, with that idle confidence which is founded on no reason, I trusted that no evil would happen.

But Maurice, restless and perturbed on O'Sullivan's account, resolved to go to Bantry, and endeavour to discover if his conjectures were right or not.

He borrowed a good plain suit of Hi Sullivan, which, as they were both of a size, fitted him well, and putting powder into his hair, looked perfectly genteel.

" These walls have ears," he said to Hi Sullivan with a smile, yet a little reproachfully, " or else you say things to Merritt better left alone, so that I will not tell you where I am going to day, nor yet to morrow ; but to day I shall be back by dinner time, to morrow I shall be more uncertain, and may not see you for some days."

" You are not only a zealous friend, but a wise one," said Hi Sullivan, " so we will trust

you implicitly. But indeed I hope on all accounts, you will find you deem too severely of Merritt, who seems more his own enemy than any one's else."

Maurice shook his head, and departed; and we saw no more of him till the dinner hour was some time past. He then made his appearance, and by his countenance we saw that he was pleased. "I am just come from the castle," he said, "you all look surprised; but it struck me, that the commonalty always make worse of every thing than it really is, and I thought it well to see the new owner of the castle myself, to know if he was bad, or better than represented."

"I found him an elderly little man, timid, indolent, and enervated, and so careful of his personal ease and comforts, that he dreaded the least trouble. It was with some difficulty I gained admittance, for they had heard of your arrival, and were alarmed at it, and I found the gate carefully barred. The servant told me, as he led me along, that Mr. Dale had married late in life a young ignorant woman, whom he seldom allowed to go out of the castle. They had one son, a sickly lad. But Mr. Dale, though an odd man, was a good master.

"He received me with great courtesy, and without much preface I began to plead for your interests, and those of the tenants. He heard me with patience, and then with an open direct manner, that you would have liked, said, that provided you assigned to him all your title in the estates, he would give you five thousand pounds."



“What, sell my right, my birth right, and for such a paltry sum?” interrupted Hi Sullivan, “never!”

“Never, I hope,” rejoined Una.

“But hear me out,” said Maurice; “he added also, and it is a generous offer, that he would make a long lease to each of the tenants at the present rents, and would forgive all arrears; but seeing by my manner, how anxious we were for the tenant’s interests, he added, with the cunning of a timid mind (for he evidently has been terrified by your arrival,) that he would do this only upon condition that you agreed to his former proposal, otherwise he should keep the tenants as dependant as possible, as the best security for his personal safety. And now pray consider, that your rights will become, like so many of those of our unfortunate countrymen, in a few years a mere legend; yet even so, if you think it in the least dishonourable, I would not ask you to accept his offer; but if you sacrifice to this vision of rights the welfare and happiness of your faithful and affectionate followers, I should be forced to say, yet I should be sorry to say, (for I dread the chance of your thinking that I am averse to your plans from selfish feelings,) that you are wrong.”

“Dear generous Maurice,” said Hi Sullivan, “you have conquered, as indeed you always deserve to do. I see, that I have been a little bewildered by phantasies, but your good sense brings me back to the sincere and unaustentatious pursuit of what is right. If this Mr. Dale

performs his promise to the sept, I will accept his offer, and confirm his title; and with £5,000," he added smiling, "I believe I can purchase the whole Isle of Rahery, and lord it again."

"Then I am once more happy," said Maurice. "There is now no obstacle to your wedding, you will have all that is necessary for real happiness, and may easily do without the vanity of show."

"But," said Una, "is there not poverty of spirit in taking this pittance as a favour, where the whole belongs of right? You yourself, Maurice, said, that there were 10,000 men ready to join their chieftain."

Maurice frowned. "There are," he replied, "10,000 and more, and yet twenty soldiers would drive this multitude before them. You know that I am right," continued he, turning to Hi Sullivan; "discipline them, give them good officers, and make them feel themselves soldiers, and they prove themselves the best soldiers in the world. But here they are mere helots, without self-confidence or self-opinion, and would fly before the appearance of the authority they are used to obey. No, dearest Hi Sullivan, you will not retract, for your generosity will have more power over you, than your interests or ambition."

I seconded Maurice's exhortations with all my might and main; Una was silent and did not resist, and it was settled, that as soon as the necessary arrangements were made with Mr.

Dale, we should return again to Rahery. It was not without a bitter struggle, that Hi Sullivan could agree to resign rights he had long been taught to hold sacred ; but as Maurice foresaw, when Hi Sullivan felt that he was clearly acting for his poor followers, every hour his repugnance lessened.

Maurice set off again, betimes in the morning, for Bantry, in a small skiff, and did not return till past the middle of the night, so that all were retired to rest except myself and Hi Sullivan, who had conceived some fear on his account, as the wind had suddenly freshened. When he made his appearance, he spoke short, and was hurried.

“ I found,” he said, “ the troops indeed at Bantry, and I easily became acquainted with the officers, as they took me for an Englishman ; and had no reserve.—It is all true. Merritt is a traitor, and the smallest imprudence on your part will cause your arrest. They only heard of your arrival last night, for it was not till then, that Merritt was able to get to them unobserved.”

“ It is no new thing,” said Hi Sullivan, “ for me to owe my life to you, Maurice, but I shall never forgive myself, my stupidity, and having so nearly involved all my friends in ruin ; but now guide me as you choose, I should be indeed a fool to have any other opinion than yours.”

Maurice had walked to the window, from

which he looked attentively : suddenly he started, and cried to us, " look here ! See if there is not a fire at the castle. I saw an unusual light there as I came along, and my mind misgave me."

It was, indeed, too evidently the castle in flames. " Oh, now," said Maurice, " dear Hi Sullivan, be guided by me. This is Merritt's work, and the least error may be your ruin. Stir not from this, or you may be thought to have been the instigation. Depend upon me to do all that can be done to save this wretched family."

Maurice sprang away, and, taking a horse from the stable, rode full speed to the castle. Hi Sullivan at once perceiving all the fatal consequences, that might follow from his imprudent confidence in Merritt, fell into extreme agitation, at one time ready to follow Maurice, at another determined in all things to abide by his advice, and remain.

When I had persuaded him fully, that Maurice's temper was best calculated to meet the emergency, I walked towards the castle myself. It was plain now, that the massive timbers of the castle had caught fire, for the whole sky was illumined with the blaze. Presently the flames might be seen bursting out from each window, and in this manner the castle continued for a length of time pouring out fire, while the wind drove along the flames and a black, heavy cloud of smoke.

As I approached the whole roof sunk in, and



a shout, which it was horrid to hear, evinced that the whole clan surrounded the castle.

Maurice, with all his speed, had arrived too late ; Merritt was there, the fury that led the orgies : he had easily incited the char-woman to lay fire to different parts of the castle, and having given the clan notice, and well inflamed their minds with the rage of vengeance, they had gathered round the castle, and barricaded the gate and every exit of the castle, with stones and heavy pieces of timber. The worst had already happened, the unfortunate inhabitants of the castle seemed to have perished ; but Maurice's attention was instantly caught by the appearance of a woman and a boy at the window of a tower. To save them was all that he could do, and the ivy that covered the walls made it just possible. He attempted to climb the angle made by the tower with the wall. He placed his back firmly against the tower, and making his footing sure either in the ivy or crevices of the wall, he slowly ascended. The crowd, who had been hitherto intent only on destruction, was taken with the magnanimity of the enterprise ; every one now rushed forward to assist him, and raised poles to give him a firmer rest. He asked for a rope ; one was handed to him ; and well used to scaling his native rocks, he soon reached the top of the wall. He guessed that from the parapet there was a door to the tower, nor was he disappointed ; but a cloud of smoke, that proceeded from it, might have deterred any one else from entering. He ascended the narrow stairs in haste, and opened the door at the head. Here he

found a female in a state of distraction, holding in her arms a boy, who was stupified with terror. Maurice lost not an instant, but fastening the rope to a heavy bedstead, took the boy on his back, and urging him to keep fast hold, descended from the window by the rope, and brought him safe to the ground ; a general shout accompanied his success, and now several young men darted forward, and struggled to seize the rope to save the woman ; but all gave way when Maurice prepared to renew his enterprise. But he had not ascended twenty feet, when fire and smoke burst from the window, and a female scream, most horrid for men to hear, told the fate of the unhappy woman : at the same time the rope snapped, and Maurice fell to the ground severely bruised, and the short bone of his left arm broken.

He was raised from the ground, and all the crowd gathered round him, expressing by tears and vociferations their anxiety for his safety. But he, regardless of his hurt, cried out, "O my friends ! each of you whose heart is in its right place, who felt for the woman, this boy, and myself, what devil has incited you to this deed of murder, this midnight, cowardly, base murder ? O unworthy of the name of O'Sullivans, of those great men who met their mortal foes face to face, and would have felled the man who had proposed to them to massacre old men, women, and boys. No, it was not an O'Sullivan who devised this detestable conspiracy ; tell me that it was not, or Hi Sullivan will not survive the grief and shame of this atrocious night."

“ It was Merritt M'Cormick,” cried several voices ; “ he set us on ; he told us, that Hi Sullivan approved the business, but did not like to appear in it ; he himself was the original of the whole. He told us, that we would all be put out, and that there was nothing else for it.”

“ Oh Liar ! Murderer ! Cowardly Felon,” cried Maurice to Merritt, who had advanced to listen, “ and yet you know not half his villainy,” (addressing himself again to the crowd.) “ He is a traitor too to your noble Prince, who befriended him and his. Judas like, he has sold him, and would have delivered him up to the officers at Bantry to morrow ; and that you may understand to what ruin he has led you, know that this unhappy stranger, whose destruction he has accomplished, had agreed to give each of you his land, and to forgive all debt and arrears under which you lay.”

As soon as they heard this, dismay and compunction seized all hearts, and execrations arose on all sides against Merritt—and, but that they had already too much cause to repent the haste of their violence, his life would scarcely have been safe.

Every one was now anxious to repair as much of the mischief as possible, but it was too late. Though the barricades were removed, the fire prevented all access to the interior of the castle, and, as it turned out, the work of destruction was complete.

The poor boy clung to Maurice, observing with terror the strange faces around him, yet

watching every thing that was said. As soon as I arrived, I exhorted them all to return to their homes, forbearing reproaches, as I saw they were now quite aghast. I procured a car to carry home the boy and Maurice, whose arm I succeeded in setting : he was also much bruised ; but the horror and agony of his mind seemed to make him insensible to pain of body.

When we returned, we found Hi Sullivan desolate, and Una, who had risen, not much less moved : Maurice did not even attempt to narrate these atrocities, but sitting down, leaned his face on the table, sighing heavily. But Hi Sullivan was most to be compassionated : tortured with suspense, he was asurgent to hear every particular, which each was reluctant to tell him : and when he knew the whole, he sunk under the remorse and shame of his name having, even unintentionally, incited such barbarities, or its being possibly supposed, that he had countenanced them. Then the situation of Maurice smote him to the heart ; and anon the wretched boy, being now freed from terror, gave way to cries and tears for the nurse he had loved, and the parents he depended on. Hi Sullivan became quite frantic, imploring death, and declaring that he could never know a happy moment unless in tearing Merritt limb from limb.

This aroused Maurice, who first soothed Hi Sullivan, and then added, that when the horror of this night had subsided, they ought to rejoice, that they had been guiltless of being confederate in any such atrocity ; whereas, if they had



gone on as Hi Sullivan at first purposed, it was almost impossible, that they should have escaped sooner or later having been the direct means of like atrocities. Let us thank God, that we are thus far innocent, submit our future destinies to his guidance, and lay aside this terrible impatience under our lowly yet peaceful state.

Maurice in the morning was unwell, and all unhappy about him, but most so Hi Sullivan: even the poor lad, who had reason to curse us all, attached himself to him, and did not leave his side. We were all gloomy and silent, for no one could trust himself to speak on the sad subject, that was uppermost in every body's thoughts.

Two sad days passed in this manner; but on the third, early in the morning, the house was surrounded by the military, and an officer of a hard aspect entered the house, and summoned all the inmates before him. How shall I write?—let me, at least, briefly speak the tissue of horrors I have to relate.

It was misery to see Hi Sullivan's superb nature degraded by the suspicion of such criminality; yet upon him the suspicion of course fell; his arrival being too recent, not to appear connected with the firing of the castle. Yet it was but suspicion; and the pride and indignation of his manner forced a conviction of his innocence, even upon those who were set against him. Maurice was cleared by the testimony of the boy, and they could not but esteem him for his conduct.

The commanding officer finding from the lad, that he had seen, and could recognise some of the criminals, took him with him, while they proceeded to search other houses; and with the sagacity of a person versed in the character of the lower orders, he surmised at once, that Merritt, the spy, was implicated. He proceeded directly to his house, and young Dale at once identified him as the principal actor, and the person whom every one had said to be the mover of the whole atrocity.

The commandant immediately ordered him into arrest; while the wretch, base as cruel, threw himself on his knees, and shrieked for mercy. "Mercy you shall have," said the officer, eyeing him with contempt; "you shall not remain long trembling, for you will be hung the day after to morrow. So says the new white-boy act."

Merritt reiterated his screams.

"Peace," cried the officer, "and speak to the purpose, was this your own act, did no superior move you too it. Do you know nothing of the designs of this Prince, as they call him, that is so lately come amongst you. Do not be afraid to speak the truth, I will protect you from the vengeance of the clan, and will not see you a sufferer. Less would have been sufficient to decide Merritt to the villainy. The monster resumed all his natural cunning and plausibility, and immediately invented a story of Hi Sullivan's having threatened his life, unless

he went to all the sept, and brought them out to burn the castle, and all alive in it.

"I thought this would come out at last," cried the officer; "back to the house, before this hero makes off. But bring that fellow along with you."

Thence followed the arrest of Hi Sullivan.

He was guarded that night to a small town, and notice was given, that he would be tried a week hence by a court martial at the same place—he was then removed to Bantry, and all access denied to him and M'Cormick, who also was kept for safety in the prison. Maurice and I were courageous in the knowledge of Hi Sullivan's innocence, but Una sank under her terrors.

At last this week of anxiousness was passed, and we had again the pleasure of beholding Hi Sullivan bearing himself bravely; the mockery of a trial began. Many magistrates attended, some had known Hi Sullivan in his better days, but these turned from him like one infected.

Merritt's evidence was received, and gained colour, from what was now divulged by the commandant, of the intelligence government had received of the conspiracy in France.—We now pressed forward to prove an alibi, and stated in the clearest manner every particular: but our sacred oaths were disregarded; and an old magistrate, whose opinions seemed to lead

the rest, derided us to our faces; this was all, said he, that was wanting to confirm the certainty of his guilt, I never knew one of these O's and Mac's, that did not run his head into a halter with an alibi.

The iniquitous and barbarous sentence was pronounced.

Hi Sullivan looked calmly round to Maurice, and said in Irish, "was I not right! ought an Irishman to bow to the oppression of these Fírbolgs?"

But Maurice heard him not; the colour left his face, a cold sweat stood on his forehead, and the next instant he sunk senseless on the ground.

The shriek that rent the air, when the news was heard outside, was lamentable to hear—those of the clan that were at a distance understood it well, and repeated it, and so it was carried on, till it reached the ears of poor Una.

One hope still remained to mock us. As soon as Merritt M'Cormick's mother heard of her son's conduct, the good that was in her rose up against it; she watched an opportunity to speak to him, but could get none till the trial was over. Then throwing herself before his way as he passed in the street with the soldiers; she cried, "are you then an informer! oh Merritt, that I should live to hear it.—I heard two men who were passing by me say, 'that M'Cormick will destroy the country, he is a pernicious



cious informer.'—I was stunned. Did you ever hear or know of any of your family to inform before yourself?—Why did you not act like uncle Brophy? why did you not do like those white boys, that died honourably at Kilmallock? Was it to save your life? did you ever know an informer let long to live? you have brought to shame your children, and their great grand children; how are they to show their face in fair, market, or assembly? if a man be a thief or robber, none can blame him but his own friends, but an informer leaves an aching heart to hundreds. If any child sees Dick Burney passing by, they immediately say 'ha! ha! there goes Burney the cursed informer, bad luck betide him!' They will say the same of you forty years hence, if you perish not first.—You have destroyed me too, I can show my face no more; you have disgraced my mother's bones in the ground.—Oh, die, Merritt, dear, rather than dishonour us so; die, and take my blessing."

"What is it you would have," said Merritt, sullenly, yet staggered,—“is it my blood you want.”

"Oh no! but to wipe the blood off your soul. It is unbearable to hear by day and by night the cry of innocent blood."

"Why don't you go on," said Merritt, more and more confounded, to the soldiers, "she is drunk, or raving."

"Are you going," cried she, raising her voice,

"then go!" she fell on her knees, and shaking her withered arms above her head; "the vengeance of my motherly curse light on you!"

"Oh, stop her," cried Merritt, beside himself, "will none of you stop her!—run some of you to the court, before it is too late, tell the gentlemen, that Hi Sullivan is innocent of all act and part in this business, and I, since I must die, the sole contriver."

Numbers rushed forward instantly to court, and the cry on all sides was heard, "Hi Sullivan is innocent, the informer has recanted." A gleam of joy broke among us, but quickly passed.

"If we could make the sentence more severe," cried the commanding officer, "we would punish this double villainy. Here they have got about the informer, and terrified the poor fellow out of his wits, so that he believes he has no way to save his life, but to perjure himself. I have been too long conversant with these gentlemen white boys, to be the dupe of their tricks."—All the other officers and magistrates said the same—and Hi Sullivan was sent to the guardhouse under a double guard of soldiers, and orders given to secure and protect Merritt M'Cormick.

The evening before that on which he was to die, by his own desire, I married him to Una.—She was cold and pale, but with more than a woman's fortitude suppressed every expression of loud grief. It was only on receiving his last

embrace, that her strength failed her, and she was obliged to be carried from the prison. M'Cormick's mother assisted, for she waited there on Hi Sullivan, as if to do all in her power to recompense him for the ill done by her son.

This night, Maurice collected twenty of the stoutest young men of the clan, whose courage he could depend on, and were well armed and mounted, with these he entered the town in the dead of the night.—He fixed a hand grenado to the door of the guardhouse, where Hi Sullivan was imprisoned, and burst it open. He called Hi Sullivan loudly, who, hearing his voice, started up; some opposition was made by the soldiers, and Maurice received a wound in the side from a thrust of a sword, but he struck his assailant down, and his companions acquitted themselves manfully. Hi Sullivan was speedily at liberty, and mounted on a fleet horse Maurice had brought for him; the town was speedily in consternation, but the small troop left it at full speed.

“Push on,” said Maurice, “dearest Hi Sullivan, wait for none of us, you will find a stout boat and two trusty sailors, take this purse of money, and sail for France, the wind is fair.”

“Maurice,” said Hi Sullivan, “I value life so little, that I would not, to save it, lose the pleasure of riding with you; I go your pace, cost what it will.”

He had scarcely spoke, before they fell in

with a large body of men, who endeavoured to get out of their way, but were so thronged it was impossible. It turned out to be a large body of the clan, who were soon recognised by their friends with Maurice, and as soon as they found their chieftain was safe and amongst them, they shouted with joy, and pressed about him. Maurice was impatient of the delay, but thinking that they had come with the intent of doing what he had done, he would not show it; however, he soon found that the possibility of attacking the soldiers had never entered their heads, they were merely going to seize Merritt.—The maid of the house, where he was placed, was sister to one of the clan, and had promised to open the door.

They urged Hi Sullivan to turn and go with them. “We are at least five hundred strong, they said, and if you go with us we will take the whole town.” Hi Sullivan, burning for revenge, readily assented; but Maurice urged him to pursue his flight, and strongly represented the folly of his running any risk of being taken, for such a worthless object as seizing on Merritt.

“But after all, is not this the safest way,” said Hi Sullivan, “if I dismiss these brave fellows I may yet be caught; but if we return and take the town, officers and soldiers, the country is our own, and we may retire at leisure.—Do not ask me to give up such a glorious occasion, Maurice, I cannot even for you.”

“I can say no more,” said Maurice, “when it is a question of danger, at all events where



you go I follow, till you are safe.—But remember the claim Una has on you.”

They now returned on their steps, and Hi Sullivan directed, that, while a small party went to seize Merritt, the remainder should follow him to the attack of a small stone house, where the officers and about thirty soldiers were quartered. They found the soldiers, as they expected, prepared by what had happened—waiting for day light to pursue Hi Sullivan, as their numbers were too small to allow of their dispersing at night. As soon as the officers perceived the approach of Hi Sullivan’s followers, they ranged their soldiers along the wall, and awaited the attack.

“Lead them on, without stopping,” said Maurice.

“No,” said Hi Sullivan, “stay till we send a party to the rear to prevent any escape.”

The party halted, and began to fire at random at the soldiers, but with little effect; the soldiers returned the fire, several of the clan fell, and symptoms of confusion appeared among the rest.

“Come on,” cried Maurice, and he rushed forward with Hi Sullivan; but no one followed them. The commandant ordered his soldiers to charge, which they did valorously, and none were left to encounter them but Hi Sullivan and Maurice, the rest turned their backs, and dastardly fled; and in the event Hi Sullivan

was wounded and retaken, and Maurice knocked down by a blow from a but-end of a musket, left for dead in the street.

I had staid till late, endeavouring to pour consolation into Una's unheeding ear, and then hurried off, that I might part no more from Hi Sullivan till the fatal moment. How great was my joy, when I heard of his evasion! only to be exceeded by my bitter disappointment, when I saw him dragged back by the enraged soldiers, few of whom but had received a wound, either from him or Maurice, so desperate had been their resistance. They put heavy irons upon his hands and legs, while he, disdaining to expostulate or to show to them the wounds of his heart, stood gazing on me with a wild and forlorn countenance.

When his irons were fixed, "Now, gentlemen," he said, "I believe you need not be afraid to leave me a few minutes with this reverend priest; if you will withdraw to the door, as my time is short, I will be grateful to you." The soldiers left us, and then for the first time he burst into tears.

I endeavoured to sooth him, I told him that Una's fortitude was great.

"Thank God! for that," he cried; "But, oh! my father, what an age of bitterness do these few hours I have to live appear, for I have been the cause of Maurice's death!"

"Oh miserable old man that I am!" I could not avoid crying.

“Curse me not, father,” he continued, “my heart already speaks every reproach you could make; why did I tyrannise over Maurice’s strong affection, and force him from his secure and peaceful home? why did I ever refuse to be guided by his better reason? Even at the last, if I had been persuaded by him, we should have conquered. Oh, it is intolerable! but go, father—he fell opposite to the guard house; I have no hope, I will have none; but do not leave his body in the street.” He threw himself along the floor, and I hastened to see if any assistance might yet be afforded to Maurice.

I found him lying senseless in the middle of the street, and hearing steps near me, I asked in Irish, knowing that, if it was no soldier, it would produce confidence, who was there. I was answered by a female; it was the sister of the young man before mentioned, and it was she that betrayed Merritt, for it appeared, that he had been successfully carried off. Hearing that there had been a fight, she was anxious about her brother, and had come abroad to ask news. With her assistance I carried Maurice to the house of an old woman, who was a well wisher to the O’Sullivans. Here we succeeded in bringing Maurice to himself; yet he was now in a dreadful state, being wounded in several places, but most severely in the head. I did my best, with dressings and bandages; but as soon as he heard that Hi Sullivan was retaken, he prayed to die. He seemed insensible to his own state, and wished to have gone immediately to Hi Sullivan; but I entreated him to leave me with Hi Sullivan the night,

and I hastened back to tell him that Maurice was alive.

This intelligence restored him to himself. "I have now," said he, "reconciled myself to my fate, except one particular, the opprobrious manner of my death. I have requested in vain an officer's prerogative—to be shot."

Fain would I blot the remembrance of the coming day from memory, and if only ordinary horror attended it, I would leave it to my reader's imagination.

I wrapped Maurice in my cloak, passing him for my nephew, and an ecclesiastic, that he might be conveyed with us, for he was unable to sit on horseback. Hi Sullivan, as we went, held one of his hands between his, and seemed to feel more for his situation than his own.

When we arrived at the place, which was the burnt castle, he surveyed the gibbet with little change of countenance; but not so, when, as we approached, and the crowd opened, we saw Una dressed in black, kneeling at the foot of the gibbet, and embracing it with her arms.

"This is death, indeed," cried Hi Sullivan, his face changing to pale; "and I must make one more effort with these barbarians." Then, when the commandant approached to lead him to execution, he pointed to Una, and again urged his entreaty, that the soldiers might dispatch him; but this inexorable man contemptuously refused.



“God forgive me, then,” said Hi Sullivan, “for having abased myself to these oppressors of my country.—Farewell, dearest Maurice,” he added, leaning his face to his, “love my memory.” Then lightly springing up, before any one was aware, or could prevent him, he carried a phial of poison to his lips, and drank it. His death was instant; but the commandant disappointed, as it were, of his prey, grew furious, and ordered the soldiers to hang him up.

“Father of mercies!” I cried, “he is still convulsed, respect him as his soul passes to eternity.” I spoke to the tempest and the rock.

Hi Sullivan, as I afterwards learnt, when he found that he could not obtain to die the death of a soldier, sent for Mrs. M·Cormick, and, having heard of her skill in drugs, entreated her if she wished to compensate him for the ill her son had done him, to furnish him with a potent poison. She divining in her wicked mind, that it was intended for his enemies, did not hesitate, but boiled water hemlock and laurel to a strong decoction, and gave it to him, assuring him, that a few drops would kill more suddenly than a knife through the heart.

I now endeavoured to remove Maurice and Una from these horrors. The former was easily done, for he had hitherto struggled with his debility by the strong working of his mind, but the event being now accomplished, he sunk motionless, though not deprived of sense, and was borne away.

But Una had prepared herself with wonderful firmness, and disdaining to show before the vulgar any emotion of agony or love, threw her black veil over the body of her husband, and turning to some of the clan, who pressed round, bid them bear it thence.

But the English commandant, addressing himself to the magistrates, said that the Irish were not to be worked on by the fear of death; the only way to make them dread it was to give their bodies to the surgeon. At this the surrounding crowd, who had hitherto been stunned, as it were, by grief and amazement, uttered a loud scream, and the soldiers, whose numbers had been considerably increased, mounted their arms.

At this Una, quitting the body, over which she hung, and vehemently agitated, cried out, "Oh, noble Hi Sullivan, not even to preserve these precious remains will your wife stoop before your murderers. I see them not, I speak not to them; but Thou, O righteous Heaven," and she knelt down, "save us at length from this horrible nation, whose thirst for our blood so many years of carnage cannot quench."

The commandant was not to be moved, and turning to the surgeon of the regiment, told him to see his intentions executed, as he valued his place.

The soldiers carried off the body, but I, regarding the surgeon, though a man of an iron aspect, observed tears fall down his cheeks.

I approached him, when the soldiers had moved away, and prayed him to allow the wife of Hi Sullivan to have his body.

“ You heard the orders given me,” he said, in a rough voice, “ I can do nothing ; but cannot some of his people, who are so successful in breaking doors, break mine, and take it away to night ?”

I took the hint, and having noted where he lived, the same night, accompanied by Maurice and Una, for though the one was exhausted by his wounds, and the other by grief and horror, yet neither would abide behind, we called on some of the clan to accompany us, sufficient to give an appearance of force, and proceeded to the surgeon's house. We found him ready to receive us. He delivered to us Hi Sullivan's corpse ; and when he found Una was there, made her take some cordial ; then, directing us to break the casement, that he might be justified by the appearance of violence, he exhorted us to move from the country, if possible, the same night.

For this Maurice had already prepared ; and he now told me, that he should be obliged to take Merritt with us, as it had been with great difficulty that he had been able to save his life, for they had determined to hang him on the gibbet, destined for Hi Sullivan, and if he was left behind, he certainly would be killed. Merritt was kept concealed in the chapel in the Island of the Dorsies ; and thither Maurice directed the body of Hi Sullivan to be conveyed, to baf

fle any search that might be made after it. Maurice again sunk exhausted, for his wounds bled afresh from the exertions he had made, and his arm, which I was obliged to set again, gave him an agony ; yet he urged our departure, and Una being equally impatient of delay, I prepared a litter, while I obliged him to lie down on the bed and try to sleep. Una too fell into a broken slumber ; but when I came to them a few hours after, they could no longer support themselves, and were obliged to yield to my instances, to repose themselves at least till the following morning.

Yet even this short alleviation was denied, for a messenger was dispatched to me from the surgeon, to say that the abduction of the body was known, and a search for it ordered.—So that placing Maurice on the litter, which was nothing better than a bed placed upon a door, I directed him to be carried to the Island of the Dorsies, whence we purposed to sail with as little delay as possible. The young lad Dale would not remain behind : terrified at the scenes he had passed through, his mind never was free from alarm, except when he was by Maurice's side. The kind hearted tenantry lent us every assistance in their power—but we would allow only a few to accompany us to the island, for their grief and despondency was equalled only by their rage against Merritt. How harrowing to our hearts were those cries, which were uttered by the parties that came to take a last look at the wife of their beloved chieftain ! but when we put from the shore—stillness pervaded the whole multitude, most knelt down in tears and silent prayers.



Arrived at the island, our host, who had conveyed the body thither, came to tell me a new event. When he arrived in the night, the men, to whom Maurice had entrusted the care and protection of Merritt, eager to punish him in any way short of his death—placed the body of Hi Sullivan in the little cell of the chapel in which Merritt was confined. The wretch, as well he might, was struck with horror, and uttered a loud scream, when he saw by the light which they bore the deadly features of Hi Sullivan; but they, deaf to his cries and supplications, left him in the dark, and closed the entrance.—His screams continued during the night, and were louder and wilder when they came to bring him his food in the morning, but when they spoke to him, they found him a maniac. Soon, indeed, he became quiet; but his senses were gone, and his countenance was frightful with terror. I went to see him, but to my questions he would make no answer, preserving a sullen and suspicious look. We waited till the approach of night, that we might pass to sea without observation. I would fain have waited another day on Maurice's account, but he would run no risk by delay; we embarked therefore, and surely we were right patterns of wretches. Una alone, like majesty triumphing over misery, seemed superior to her fate. She would gaze awhile on the beloved countenance of Hi Sullivan, which seemed placid even in death, and then cover her face with her veil, turning back within herself, that her imagination might engrave it the more exactly on her memory.

Maurice, unable now to support himself, was laid along the bottom of the boat, while the affectionate boy supported his head in his lap. Merritt was tractable and motionless, hiding his face with his hands, which rested on his knees, and muttering indistinctly to himself.

The darkness was propitious to us, and while the gloomy shades of that sad and sable night served to hide our miseries from ourselves, they sheltered us from pursuit.

We doubled Cape Missen in the morning, and were driven rapidly along by a high wind. Had we been less wretched, we should have suffered more from the inclemency of our situation, for we were drenched with rain, and the waves breaking over our boat, for three nights and two days, at the end of which time we were in sight of the port of Arklow, where I determined to put in. I landed first myself, and went to the priest of the town, and required his assistance, which was readily and kindly given, and I had soon the satisfaction of seeing Una and Maurice placed in bed, and provided with every comfort they stood in need of. They were both so feeble they could not stand, and Maurice's thoughts wandered, from the effect of fever, that had now seized on him.

The next morning I provided for the decent interment of the noble Hi Sullivan. He, the last of a mighty race, was borne to his burial unaccompanied by any kindred. We laid him in Kilbride cemetery, the most ancient and sacred burying ground in the neighbourhood. "Farewell," I cried, "dear and generous Hi Sullivan!

thy faults and thy misfortunes arose alike from thy being born in this country devoted to evil. We need not mourn for thee here laid to rest ; earth is thy bed, and not thy grave."

Hither the young should come to learn how quickly falls the star of human glory. And many a one I have since sent a pilgrim to Kilbride churchyard. Even though my eyes were dimmed with tears, I could not but be struck with the gorgeous prospect from the spot where I stood.—The river Ovoca, dark between its mountain banks that were covered to the sky with eternal oaks, here poured its flood into the glittering sea. To the right, Shelton Abbey, with its long line of towers, gave sanctity to the beauty of the scenery, proclaiming God in the most superb retreat of nature. Thither I bent my steps, solacing my mind with the reflection, that, frail as all good and beauty were here below, they were sufficient to be a pledge, that a great power was at work to make happiness perfect hereafter. It was now long since the Abbey had resounded with the solemn offices, but the owners, though belonging to our separated brethren, respected its destination, and preserved it in repair. An ancient man, who had the care of it, pointed out to me a white flag of the marble pavement of the Hall, which was stained. He said, that, when King James fled from Ireland, this was the last house he slept in. As he was going out, a few drops of blood fell from his nose, which stained the marble, and had never been washed out since. We naturally sorrow for the unfortunate, yet no one deserves our pity less than James. He was a

tyrant and a bigot, and the main cause of all that our religion has endured. Religion and liberty perish each alike when sundered ; neither the one nor the other can elevate its star-girt forehead, unless when their hands are joined, and seldom has this jubilee appeared on earth.

On my inquiring, the old man told me, that on the opposite side of the river I could procure lodgings at a decent and rural cottage in the valley of Glenart, as I wished to move Una and Maurice from the town. He provided me a horse to cross the ford, and by a narrow path, which led through the woods, I soon reached the spot ; it was deeply sequestered, umbrageous and silent, except a little mountain brook, that glittered as it broke over the rocks at a distance, and skirted the foot of a patch of lawn before the cottage.—It was a scene sanative to a pained mind, and with the assistance of the worthy priest I lost no time in removing Una and Maurice thither.

In a fortnight's time they were able to depart—but no amendment appeared in Merritt, he kept himself huddled up together, repeating to himself without let or stop—"Wo is me ! Wo is me !"

Una had announced to us her intention of going to Spain, and no argument or entreaties of mine and Maurice's could prevail on her to alter it.—When strongly urged, she would reply with bitterness, "none but slaves would live in this horrid country. I will go where I may



never hear more the sound of the English language."

I could not but respect the poignancy of feeling, which clouded her judgment, though she was wrong to separate herself from Maurice.

Maurice walked to Dublin, that he might visit Berghetta's tomb at the Seven Churches. We dismissed our faithful sailors, and hiring a stout sloop, I conveyed the rest of our melancholy company by sea.

We arrived safe, but such was Una's impatience to leave Ireland, that it was with difficulty he could persuade her to stay till he went to Rahery, and sent Rory to accompany her.

Poor Rory went wild when he heard of his loved master's death ; and it broke his heart too, to part from Maurice's children ; but he did not hesitate a moment to accompany Una, proud to be of service to her.

Maurice sent to Una by Rory all the money he had, or could raise on credit ; and I was able to borrow a trifle too from my reverend friends in Dublin. Hi Sullivan's jewels and regalia also I delivered to Rory, earnestly recommending him to be diligent in Una's service ; for she heeded nothing, seeming to have no heart or thought for herself or for any one, but taken up with the one idea of getting out of Ireland.

Rory was so wasted, he did not seem likely to be of much service—he hid himself to weep

and wail, and when he had spent every other topic of grief, he would cry anew, because he had not been at his lord's funeral. But all yielded to his rage when he first saw Merritt, nor could the pitiful condition of the wretch appease him : he hurried to me to know why I did not put him out of sight, in a dungeon where straw and the bare earth would be usage too good for him.

“ I will tell you the reason, Rory,” I replied, wishing to teach him to put some control on his feelings. “ Maurice is a christian, and feels for this miserable cause of all our suffering more than pity and forgiveness ; he intends to take him home, and take care of him himself.” Rory shook his head, as if he could not brook that Merritt should be so well used, but made no answer ; however the very license with which he resigned himself to his grief brought its own cure.

He slept in the room over me, and I was startled at night by the noise of something heavy falling on the floor. I had not gone to bed, but was composing my spirits by the perusal of the Testament. I took my light, and mounted to Rory's room—when I entered, I found him fallen out of bed, and lying in a fit on the floor. I raised him up, and chafing his temples, in a little time he began to recover, his senses were awhile composed, but when he came to himself, he gave me the following account.

He said, that since he had heard of Hi Sullivan's death, he had had no rest in his mind, but

was in a state of unhappiness and despair, and that he passed whole hours praying to God that he might die. His whole mind was taken up with the wish to see his dear master again. He added, that after he went to bed he still continued weeping, and wishing he might die ; when on a sudden there was a great light in his room, and Hi Sullivan stood by his bedside.—“ Are you come ?” he cried, and flung himself out of bed to embrace him, and that was all he remembered.

Rory considered this as a visitation to warn him of the wickedness of putting up so desperate a prayer to God, and from this time restrained his grief, and busied himself in the preparations for the voyage.

But Una’s mind did not take a softer tone, and I was grieved to see her depart with a sternness and insensibility to every feeling but her own wo, which made reason and even religion unavailing.

With no other companion but the wretch Merritt, I returned home. As the event turned out, the death of Hi Sullivan had fixed a more lasting pang in Maurice’s heart, than in either Una’s or Rory’s. His attempt at suicide, his total neglect of the offices of religion, filled Maurice’s mind with the dreadful idea, that he might have passed into perdition, and they might be separated forever. He raved of this when he was ill, and when he was able to converse, he opened all his apprehension to me.—What comfort I dared give, I gave, and in some

degree succeeded in soothing Maurice ; but to his question, whether the prayers and penance of a poor sinner like himself could now have any influence on the salvation of his beloved friend, I could only answer, “the prayer of the righteous man availeth much.”—This was sufficient for Maurice ; and as the most painful act to himself that might be agreeable to God, he resolved to take Merritt to his house, and to provide for him in his present helpless state. This he continued to do till his death, though to the last he always shuddered when he first entered his room in the morning. Maurice too practised the most rigid abstinence and severe penances, not for the value of the observances themselves, but that, he said, he felt most happy when he had mastered every consideration of himself, and could offer a pure prayer to God for his friend.

Yet it was a long time before he recovered apparent tranquillity, and when his rustic friends would wonder, that he sunk more now, than when Berghetta died, he said, “Heaven and hope were with me, even the day that Berrett died ; but here are Hell and fear, and I cannot shake them from off my soul.”

Still he had two sureties of comfort—his children who warmed his heart—and his labour that deadened thought. He had now the world to begin again, and with an enfeebled frame ; for the late disasters, and furnishing the means to Una of going to Spain, had left both Maurice and me bare and in debt. But his children now began to help him, for his boys were strong and



active, and his girl capable of every ingenious work ; and under Maurice's direction their little labours were turned to the best account. Merritt was a great burden to him, for though he would do whatever Maurice bid him, yet he never understood work ; and whenever Maurice was away, he would steal to the chimney corner, and sit huddled up, shivering, and muttering, "wo is me, wo is me." If he had been Maurice's friend and brother, he could not have treated him with more tenderness. The children were kept very much from him, one of the boys particularly, who was called after Hi Sullivan, and who already showed a strong likeness to him, so much so, that Merritt would cover his eyes whenever he saw him.

The poor lad *young Dale* also lived with Maurice, and if he had his will would never have left him ; but Maurice gathered from him, that his father had relations in London, and Maurice settled, that, when he had saved a little money, he would take him to England, and endeavour to find them out. The boy from the fright he got, when the castle was burnt, was subject to fits.

Maurice now found himself obliged to sell his little patrimony out and out, which he did with great regret, reserving only the house. As it was wonderfully well improved, it sold well, and Maurice paid all his debts, and had a small sum to reserve for any great necessity, which he deposited in my hands. He was not now able to work as he had been ; for the first time he perceived, that his health failed him—

his diet therefore was of the most sparing kind, eating nothing but potatoes and a little salt ; for he would say, when I cannot work, I am not worth feeding ; yet he would have pampered his children, yet they early showed the generosity of their nature, for they refused to take any other diet than their father did ; in every other respect he was alike sparing, endeavouring to meet his diminished earnings with diminished expenses. He had received more injury than he was aware at Berehaven, for he was now troubled with shortness of breath, and a pain at the heart. Yet he was not a person that would long remain poor. During the few hours he had spent in Cork, he had employed one of them in observing some basket makers at work, and he kept the whole method in his head : he now made some trials, and with very little difficulty, after unravelling a few baskets he bought for the purpose, he made himself master of the business—This rejoiced him much, for he could work at it when he felt his strength fail, or after dark ; his children too could assist him without much labour, and it was a pretty employment for them to accompany him to cut the black sallow rods, with which the country abounded, till he could plant an osiery in the garden he had reserved with his house. His baskets sold well in the neighbourhood, but in time the hucksters that travelled the country came to buy from him, and took as many as he could get ready—Geraldine too executed some small neat work, which she dyed of different colours with cork-rane, and buemore, and ragwort.

His dear children gradually soothed his mind, though he never again became himself ; when

years had past, it was easy to see, that any little effort of mirth was a forced state that wearied him, and that he was most at ease in his usual habit, which was now grave but tender. His health however became much better, he was able again to resume his wonted labour, and his affairs prospered. He was now most content to live an humble and lowly life, and endeavoured to banish from his children's minds any vanity or aspiring wish, that might disgust them with a life of labour.

They early showed what it was to be well tended; you never heard them violent or quarrelsome; they were fond of employment, cared little for play, and had no notion of happiness but in loving each other. They were all somewhat too tender in their nature, and were too alive to the natural sufferings of the animal kind, crying with broken hearts for the death of a pet robin; their father tried to give fortitude to their sentiments, and to change it to a wise humanity, endeavouring to assuage every kind of evil but not despairing when evil, was found unavoidable. When he thought that he had so nerved their minds, (unwilling that they should hear it from any one else) he told them the story of Hi Sullivan. They began at first to ask many questions, till wonder kept them silent; but at the first word that gave a hint of the catastrophe, their quick imaginations suggested it all, and a burst of tears succeeded, with sobs of such acute anguish, that Maurice was forced to suspend his tale. When Maurice afterwards reverted to the subject, his son, James Hi Nial, though the tears again streamed down his

cheeks, spoke out with such anger and passion, that the likeness of Hi Sullivan struck both Maurice and me; we exchanged looks of surprise, and Maurice, while he chid his impetuosity, folded the dear boy in his arms.

The three children petted young Dale, who was extremely tender and sickly, and he grew so attached to them, that he could not abide the thoughts of being parted from them. But Maurice being sensible, that no time should be lost in the lad's appearing to claim his great property, leaving his children to my care, took him to England. By making an application to the chancery court, and telling what had happened, he easily made out his friends, who were glad to have the care of so wealthy a ward. They reimbursed Maurice handsomely for his trouble and expense, but the poor lad would willingly have given up his whole estate, to have been allowed to return and live with Maurice.

Maurice did not neglect the opportunity of going to see Headcroft and Mapleton. He found the former, though little past forty years, with bad health, and a bloated figure, already afflicted with gout. He was rejoiced to see Maurice, and made him tell all that had happened to him, which he did not hear without some goodnatured tears. But he said, that he was more to be pitied himself: he never met any one that ever loved him; he was obliged to live alone, as every one complained of his temper, which was bad enough when in the gout; he had no one about him except ser-



vants, who thought of nothing except eating and drinking; and then what signified all his money? Maurice urged him to greater temperance, and to lead a more active life; but Headcroft listened with despondency, for he did not feel the resolution in him. He said, if ever he were to make another exertion, it would be to pay Maurice a visit; "and depend upon it if you do," said Maurice, smiling, "and will take to our potatoe diet, and help me to work as I once did you, you will soon get rid of your gout."

Maurice staid with him some days, for the memory of his former kindness still endeared him; and when he came away, Headcroft would not be denied, but made him accept a hundred pounds.

Maurice then called at Mapleton's, and found him prospering as a good man ought; he had not risen above his situation, was still a day labourer, in the prime of health and life, was married to a clever active woman, and had every thing comfortable about him. He had buried his father and mother, but not till they had given their blessing to his four children. He wept with joy when he saw Maurice, he took it so kindly his coming to see him; he laid by his work, dressed himself in his best, and did the honours of his cottage with true nobleness of spirit. Maurice always said, that for sense and disposition he was the most perfect person he ever met, having great feeling, yet all subdued with piety. Maurice had again to tell his sad story, but was now much soothed

by the sincere but manly condolence of Mapleton, who also offered him such assistance as he could give. But Maurice told him of Headcroft's gift, which he said was much more than he had any occasion for, and he succeeded in making Mrs. Mapleton accept ten pounds for each of her children.

Mapleton showed much surprise, when Maurice told him how long he had been at Headcroft's. He said that he was so tyrannical and humoursome, that no one could stay two days with him. "I go to see him once or twice a year, and he always talks of you; indeed he was always in the habit of keeping down the pride of his workmen, by telling them that the best of them were puny fellows compared to you; and yet he always added, "he was as true a prince, man, and manners, as the king of England himself."

Maurice returned speedily to Ireland, he was ill at ease while absent from his children; but his mind was now greatly eased, by having the means of giving them the comforts and indulgences suited to their age.

He himself became perfectly tranquil, incapable of being agitated by any thing on earth, and only anxious to make his children good and pious.

So passed three years, while Maurice's children grew up perfect in feature and disposition; and all this time we heard nothing of Una. Yet we did not fear for her safety, for

she never said she would write, but imagined that she wished to remove every thing connected with Ireland from her mind ; and, cut as she had been to the core, we could not blame her.

I have now to relate my last misfortune, and the heaviest, though there was nothing here to shock or terrify, and Maurice was prepared for it by first seeing his children placed in affluence ; for though he was no worshipper of riches, he had a dread of poverty, and the crimes that often follow from hard necessity.

Three years, as I said, it might be after Maurice went to England, when we were pleasantly surprised by the arrival of John Mapleton, who, with a kind zeal, had measured the long journey on foot ; but we were much more surprised by the news he came to communicate, that Headcroft had died of the gout, and had left all his large fortune to Maurice, giving as a reason, that Maurice was the only person he had ever met, who cared a rush for him in reality.

“ My dear Mapleton,” said Maurice, “ I am sure you will understand me, and believe me, when I say that for my own part, provided I have the means of keeping every thing neat and comfortable, I never would aspire above this cottage (for I will not call it a cabin, since I have made it as like yours as I possibly could) ; but since it is God’s pleasure, that these dear children should be restored to the rank their forefathers held, I will allow myself to rejoice.”

"They are the most lovely young things I ever saw," replied Mapleton, "and the very sight of them proves they were born for high station. They are not the least like the people one is used to see in England, and they don't seem of the same nature with the poor people I have met since I came to this country."

Maurice smiled in the pride of a father's heart. "However," added he, "you must not form so mean an opinion of the people of this country, I think I am a fair judge, and I will venture to say what I think. You will soon allow, that in point of propriety of manners, and conversation, and cleverness, I don't mean cleverness of the hands, but of the head, they are far superior to the same rank of people in England."

Maurice now, to honour his guest, indulged in a hospitable disposition that was natural to him, and invited his neighbours by turns, who were pretty many, as ten miles were reckoned no distance to come and return at night.

Mapleton acknowledged himself surprised at their quickness, gentility, and pleasantness, all dressed in their best, no awkwardness or reserve, no prosing or boasting, but every one making little of himself, and only trying to be polite and amusing.

Mapleton staid a month with Maurice, and then prepared to depart, but Maurice first gave him a proper authority to act for him in every



respect in England ; at the same time making him a present of one thousand pounds, directing him, if he discovered any relations of Headcroft's, to provide for them handsomely, and to convert every thing into money, that it might be the more readily applied to the use of his children.

He then accompanied Mapleton to Dublin, and took him on to see that glory and pride of nature, the county of Wicklow, that he might leave the country with a favourable impression of it. Especially he took him to the Seven Churches, whither the genius of the country seems to have retired in solitude, in sorrow, and magnificence.

Mapleton was astonished at seeing every thing so unlike and so surpassing what he had ever seen before ; "but how comes it," said he to Maurice, "that in so glorious a country you see such wretched people, and such horrid houses ?"

"I once," replied Maurice, "did not mind these things, but of late years I have thought a good deal about them, and if you will have my opinion, it is because the persons, who govern the country, keep down the spirit and activity of the persons, instead of calling them out, and making them feel themselves somebody. My dear friend used to tell me, that abroad the Irish throve more than any other people, their faculties being generally superior, and their opportunities equal to those of the men they fell amongst."

Mapleton fully justified what Maurice thought of his skill and honesty, managing all his affairs as well as he could have done himself, and turning every thing to the best account; he wrote to Maurice, that he had discovered some very poor and very distant relations of Headcroft's, who expected nothing from him, as he had never noticed them, and were as much amazed as rejoiced at Maurice's bounty to them.

Maurice changed his style of living in nothing but what regarded the convenience and instruction of his children. To me he gave an annuity of £150 a year, and would, if I had let him, have made it thrice as much. But as he still continued fond of work, nothing would satisfy him but coming over to me, and making quite a palace of my shed. His younger son, Cormac, had just the same turn, the pretty pavement of black and white pebbles, diamond fashion, round the house, was his work.

Travellers when they come to this country do not perceive, that the misery of the people arises from the errors of the government—but who that ever perceives a flock of miserable starved mangy sheep, doubts, that it is the fault of the farmer that owns them?

When Maurice returned home, one night he was awakened by a noise at the door, and some one begging for admittance—He could not be mistaken in the voice, it was Mrs. M'Cormick's. Maurice trembled with horror and aversion at the old beldame—and unwillingly arose to let

her in. But what could he do? the night was tempestuous, and he could not at such an hour turn her from his door. He let her in, and begged her to speak low, lest her son might hear her.

“And is he alive?” said she, “and I shall see him once more; well, there is joy in that; and will he know me, think you? is he sensible again?”

Maurice told her his senses were quite gone, and if he recollected her, it might only make him rave.

“Then cannot I see him while he sleeps? only one look, and I will never ask to see him again; it is only one look before I die, for that was what brought me here, to lay my bones in my mother’s grave.”

Maurice showed her the room where he slept, and gave her a light; she went in, but returned almost instantly, her haggard face marked with horror—“Let me never see him again,” she said, “it has killed me—he has the face of an old man dug up; I shall never get it out of my eyes—yet how elegant you have every thing about him! oh, it is you indeed that deserve the blessing of the saints, while fire and brimstone are too good for me and mine.”

“Yet for the effort you made to save poor Hi Sullivan, I will always bless you. But only answer me one question, I have only one to ask, did you know of Merritt’s treason? and if

you did, why did you not attempt to turn him from it sooner?"

"And didn't I? didn't I try to melt him? but he had no nature ever in him, you might as well try to draw tears from cast iron—I begged him to have nothing to do with it, not to demean himself by leaguings with the Sassenahts. What could I do more? did I not go down on my knees and weep salt tears? oh, trust me, my heart was ever loyal, there I am not afraid to be touched."

"That is enough," said Maurice, "and I thought no worse of you. But will you not now go to bed?"

"What to do?" said she, "I never sleep; let me go to your kitchen hearth, and sit over the ashes; and to-morrow I will ask only for an outhouse, where I may be in peace with my filth and rags, and so die.—Die she did, but, ever bringing evil fortune with her, she was the cause of Maurice's death. Herding mostly with vagrant beggars, as she travelled along, her clothes were full of infection. The humanity of the children, particularly of Geraldine, brought them about her, and a few days after her death Geraldine became sick and faint, and the symptoms of the cabin fever appeared on her.—Maurice sent her brothers to me, while he himself tended Geraldine; and though it was a long period of suspense, yet at the end of three weeks she recovered. But Maurice in his turn received the infection, it was a severe struggle, and though he at last shook off



the complaint, it left behind a disorder of his chest, which ended in a decline. Death, however, approached on him so visibly, yet so gradually, that the pain of separation was softened—every day he talked to his children of his death as of a familiar and desirable event.—He spoke of his reunion with their mother, and of the short time they themselves had to live, till he should meet them again. He arranged every thing for his death, and gave them counsel for the future management of their lives, exhorting them notwithstanding their wealth, to practise as plain and simple a mode of life as consisted with whatever station befel them, to maintain their affection for each other, and to be cautious in forming any romanesque attachments that might diminish it.

He spoke to me of the particular happiness of his death. “I die,” he said, “without any anxiety about my children’s fortune, which is more than I could have expected; and I have time to accustom their minds, and to fortify their gentle natures, to meet this their first and perhaps heaviest calamity. I have every assurance that they will be good; and this is all that is of any real importance. I shall meet Berrett again, and Hi Sullivan; my fears on his account have ceased to torment me, for God is his judge.”

Before he died, he had the satisfaction to hear the best tidings from Una, which gave him great contentment. He wrote to her, and gave her his instructions about his children. His wish was, that they should be sent to Spain :

he said, that nothing appeared to him to cast such a blight on the character, as living under an habitual consciousness of being despised, and he preferred that his children should quit their native country, rather than live in it as individuals of a degraded sect ; he had thought much on this head, since Hi Sullivan's death, and he could by no means bear, that his eldest son, who already showed all Hi Sullivan's spirit and altitude of mind, should run the risk of encountering a like fate from like qualities ; in Spain, he added he will be honoured and his heart will be at ease, here it might only be perpetually rankled, since he will have a fortune above any station in society that he can attain."

As his death drew near, his poor children were struck with a sudden alarm, which even his calmness did not overcome ; they clung tenderly round him closer and closer as their loss approached. They could not now support to hear him talk of his death, so that it was to me only that he indulged the natural bent of his thoughts. I should have thought it impossible," he said, "to have parted with objects so dear with so little regret, but I see now, that every state of life has its alleviations. A desire of repose deadens all the keenness of my sensations, and these dear children pain me in calling me back to a wish for life. I incline to death, as a weary person does to sleep ; and I already feel a consciousness, that I am passing into a happy state of existence."

The morning before his death he told me, that he had dreamt he had met Berghetta in Paradise,

and that all the appearances he had seemed to see were still so vivid on his senses, that he was in the greatest delight—An hour after, supported on Geraldine's arm, he breathed his last—He had raised himself with an effort to kiss her—then turned his face, and died without a groan.

Now I was truly laid in the dust, and taught to know how little strength human nature has, though always confident in itself; but who cares to hear of the sorrows and follies of an old priest? I had not seen the approach of Maurice's death with the same alarm the dear children had; but when he died, and the love I bore him bled at every vein, I lost all self command, and disgraced myself by an extravagant grief that unsettled my reason.

Poor dear children, how were their gentle hearts tried, when, instead of finding support, they were called to give it to an irrational old man! but they had a support in the love they bore each other, and would dry each other's tears with such kind affection, that their grief became lovely.

However, the first offices of religion I performed calmed the disturbance of my mind; and a neighbouring priest, who was sent for to bury Maurice, while I was incapable, succeeded by his mild remonstrances in restoring me to composure.

I took Merritt to live with me, as I had promised Maurice that I would do; and the dear

children accompanied me home. They took with them little relics, that reminded them of their father, his hair, their mother's wedding ring, and these they would kiss and cry over every day. Nor did grief pass away with them, as is generally the case with the young, but all three, particularly Geraldine, retained a gentle gravity of look and demeanour, that partook of melancholy.

I wrote to Una, to tell her of Maurice's death, and to beg her to send Rory, that he might accompany the children to Spain.

I pin on here the letter Maurice received from her, and which gave him so much contentment.

"My dearest Maurice,

"I would readily make all the humiliating confessions, which are necessary to account for my long silence; none could excuse it, but I know that the leniency and kindness of your nature will not require them. Upon this head then I will be brief. When I left Ireland, in the first paroxysm of despair, the irritation of my grief, its concentrated selfishness, joined with wounded pride, gave me a distaste to intercourse or communication, even with you. It was not till I arrived at Lisbon, and was beset with all the embarrassments of the land journey thence to Madrid, that my attention could be turned to any subject, but the one sad wound that lacerated my heart.

"I must have sunk under the fatigue of the



journey from Lisbon to Madrid, so intense was the heat, and our progress over the sandy roads so slow, but that, though weakened, I was still supported by the hardy habits of my youth.—Excessive weariness at length deadened the intolerable pain of my mind, and before I reached Madrid I had experienced some intervals of sound sleep. This was of the greatest service to me, as I was able, on my arrival at Madrid, to take such steps as were necessary in my desolate and unprotected situation.

“ I wrote a note to the Condé d’O’Donnel, the most noble of the Irish, who, being driven from their own country, had retained their honours, and risen to wealth and fame, in Spain. I briefly mentioned my misfortunes, and claimed his protection. His age, for he is past seventy, rendered this step unobjectionable.

“ He waited on me immediately, and though he had even forgotten his native language, and spoke to me in French, his heart was warmly Irish. He knew the history of every Irish family, that had been driven into exile, and was well acquainted with the genealogy of those that remained. He had even met Hi Sullivan’s father, in early youth, and desired me, without delay, to assume the title of princess, as his testimony to my claim was all that would be required by the Spanish court ; and he advised me to write to you to forward a copy of the pedigree of Hi Nial, which I had mentioned to him. He insisted upon my removing instantly to his palace, and desired me to consider him in the light of a father. A few days proved the

sincerity of his professions, for he obtained from the court of Spain a recognition of my title, and a pension for me of two hundred crowns a month.

“ For some months I secluded myself entirely, saddening my melancholy hours with bitter remembrances, and only leaving my room when the condé d’O’Donnel suffered from illness, and my attentions were useful to a person never accustomed to be alone, and habituated to the activity of the great world. But at length the condé mentioned to me, that it was quite necessary, that I should appear at court ; nor could this small attention in return for so many benefits be refused. He had spoken in praise of my beauty ; and at court, where satiety so soon follows amusement, every new object is ardently desired. The queen had expressed a wish to see me.

“ Unwillingly I prepared to comply ; yet not unmindful of the rank of Hi Sullivan, I dressed myself in a rich French habit, and put on those family jewels, than which there is scarcely any thing finer in the most splendid courts.

“ I had suffered too much for trifling feelings of embarrassment to occupy me, and leaning on the Condé’s arm, I walked through a crowd of courtiers, whose attention was naturally caught by the novelty of my foreign dress, scarcely sensible of their presence, and indifferent to the impression I might make.—But when we reached the circle where the queen sat, and the condé advanced to present me, I could not

avoid being penetrated with admiration at the sight of this young beauty. I made a slender courtsey, preserving myself from that mean assiduousness, which characterises courtiers both male and female.—She said, in Spanish, ‘we are obliged to the princess Hi Sullivan for the honour she does our court,’ and seemed as if she would have said more, but was restrained by the forms of this most formal court ; but these few words were accompanied by a smile of great sweetness.

“ A few days after, the condé told me, that I had formed the conversation of the whole court, and that my beauty, and the ease and dignity of my manner, were the admiration of all : this interested me very little, but not so when he proceeded to say, that the queen was charmed with me, said openly that there was no lady in the Spanish or French court to be compared with me, and had desired the condé to request, that I would pay her a morning visit.

“ Though sensibly flattered, I begged to be excused for the present, pleading the sad impression of my recent grief, and my wish to remain in solitude, till I could mix in society without repugnance.

“ The condé said I should be under no constraint, and in the mean time he gave me a short history of this lovely princess, who was only in her eighteenth year.

“ Alas, that a young princess, bred up in the most refined court in the world, should be forced

to pass her life in the formality of the court of Madrid! In France she had always been used to eat in public, she danced, she rode on horseback, she knew and esteemed her companions, and they adored her. But one day past the day of her marriage, and she found herself on a sudden among persons whom she knew not, and could not appear amiable enough to divert her grief; she understood so very little of their language, that she could not return an answer without trouble. The manner in which they served her appeared so strange, and carried so small a resemblance to that of France, that she was not a little discomposed at it; all was ceremony, restraint, and affectation. From the very first day she appeared amongst them, the Spaniards expected that she should know all their forms, which she was to observe religiously the rest of her life; they made allowance for nothing, they dispensed with nothing.

“ Yet as the young king passionately loved her, and as the natural sweetness of the queen’s temper, and her prudence, made her receive all these things that fatigued and displeased her, with great patience, she might yet have been happy, but for the rigid temper of her *camerera mayor*, the duchess de Terra Nova.

“ This office is of considerable power, as the *camerera mayor* regulates all the ceremonial of the queen’s court, which enters into the minutest actions, and she in reality keeps the queen and all her ladies in a state of severe constraint and imprisonment.



“The duchess inherited a great fortune, that descended to her from Fernando Cortez, for her mother bore the name of that famous captain; among the rest, a small kingdom in Spanish America. She is extremely rich, of a fierce imperious humour to persons above her, insupportable to her equals, but kind and obliging to her inferiors. She has a great deal of talent, is fixed in her resolutions, her temper cold and serious, still preserving her Spanish gravity, and never steps a foot backward or forward without consideration. She pronounces her ‘I will,’ or ‘I will not,’ in a tone that makes one tremble. She is a meagre, pale woman, of a long and wrinkled visage, yet not inelegant in her carriage.

“One would have thought, that, out of mere policy, the duchess would have endeavoured to win upon the queen’s sweet disposition, and establish an interest in her regard before an opportunity was given to other competitors. She had considerable enemies at court, and the prince Don Juan, who had advanced her to the post, was dead. But she took different measures from what any body would have supposed; she sought a dominion over the queen’s mind by the influence of fear, and she endeavoured to rule the king by awakening his jealousy, and then seeming to devote herself to administer to its interests. She represented to him the ill consequences of that liberty, which women are allowed in France; that it was absolutely necessary for the queen to live after the retired manner that the sex observes at Madrid; that she was young, lively, and of

a brilliant spirit, and accustomed to French fashions; and that what was innocent in one place may become criminal in another; but if he would be pleased to confide in her, she would, by her great diligence, prevent the possibility of ill.

“The king, whose education had impressed on him the conviction of all Spaniards, that there is no dependance on a lady’s virtue, unless all opportunities of transgressing are removed, gave the duchess sufficient assurances of his confidence.

“By this means she governed the queen like a child, confining her to a solitary and formal life, where there was no liberty or conversation, but all was grandeur and ceremony, reverence and state.

“All the queen’s French attendants had been dismissed, not without tears on both sides; and as she passionately loved her country, it was natural that she should look upon me, who had resided there so long, with some interest.

“Upon her expressing a second time a wish to see me, I prepared to go, and the condé accompanied me to the door of her private apartments. I found her in her closet, which was painted and gilded, and set out with great looking glasses fastened to the ceiling. She sat upon a little square stool near the window, making gold network mingled with blue silk: her hair was parted in the middle of her head, which was bare; only one knot of her hair was

curled, plaited with great pearls, and reached down to her waist. She had a velvet robe on, of a rose colour, embroidered with silver, and had pendants in her ears that nearly touched her shoulders, and so heavy, that she gave herself the trouble to take out one of them, that I might pass my judgment on it. She then desired, that the next time I came I would bring my suit of Irish emeralds, as she had never seen any thing of the kind so fine. She spoke very little French to me, affecting to talk Spanish before the duchess, who never left her. She ordered me to send her any letters I received from France, that had any news in them. I answered, that the news that was sent to me did not deserve her attention.—‘Ah!’ she cried, lifting up her eyes with a charming air, ‘I shall never esteem any thing that comes from a country so dear to me an object of indifference.’ ‘This affection then,’ I ventured to say, ‘which your majesty preserves for your native country, will make me think myself less insignificant, as my residence there was so early and so long, I feel myself half a French woman.’

“She answered me with her usual goodness, and whispered me in French, that she would rather see me appparelled after the French fashion than that of Spain.

“‘Madam,’ I replied, ‘it is a sacrifice which I have made to the respect I have for your majesty.’

“‘Say rather,’ continued she, smiling, ‘that you have heard of the rigid temper of the duchess, and this has frightened you.’ She appear-

ed to me so very charming that day, that I could not forbear to love her, for in spite of her melancholy she was plump, and preserved her complexion, and this contributed to make her still more beautiful and agreeable.

“ The consequence of this visit was that the queen grew fond of my society, particularly as I often received letters from France, which she took great pleasure in reading, particularly one giving an account of the marriage of Mademoiselle de Blois with Monsieur the prince de Conti. This by degrees led me into much company, for when the court perceived that I was favoured by the queen, I was importuned with invitations, and many coming from the condé d’O’Donnel’s intimate friends, I could scarcely refuse them without giving him offence.

“ Before I was aware, I was plunged into a degree of levity very ill suited to my situation ; and though I had not force enough to disengage myself, I was so sensibly ashamed of my conduct, that I did not dare to write to you ; I contented myself with forwarding to you a trifle saved from my allowance from court ; but this I discovered afterwards you never received, owing to the infidelity of the agent that I employed.

“ Two years passed away in this manner, when I must still blush to own I formed an attachment for a person younger than myself ; but when I at last discovered, that his character was light and worthless, my conduct appeared to me in its true colours ; I became sensi-



ble of my own intolerable pride and presumption, and humbling myself to that Power, who can alone subdue and tranquillize the human heart, I determined to trust myself no more, but to retire to a convent and take the veil.

“ The queen was so good as to oppose my intention, though, when she found it fixed, she did not abandon me, but frequently came to see me in my retirement; and finally, when my conduct and my exactness in performing all the duties of devotion allowed her to do it with propriety, on the death of the abbess de Santo Domingo el Real, she placed me at the head of the establishment.

“ This is my present situation ; and here I have at last found in devotion, and works of benevolence, that peace which so many have proved, besides myself, is not to be found in the commerce of the world. God, indeed, has been too good to me, in restoring me to happiness. The patronage of the queen, and the rank I enjoy at court, secure to me the deference of our religious community, and I have now nothing left to wish for, but to hear of your happiness, and that of your dearest children. Forgive me, my dear Maurice, and believe me, that I am now not entirely unworthy of your affection, though I do not conceal from myself, that pride and vanity have left a trace of coldness in my disposition, but I have suffered much.

“ I have made up a little fortune for my pretty niece, and hope you will entrust her to my

care. Rory (poor Rory is grown as grave as the gravest of our religious,) shall go to conduct her hither. Indeed she will not be well in Ireland; she will there suffer, as I have done, from an equivocal situation. Were she merely a labourer's daughter, she might be happy; but with pretensions of a superior rank, her feelings will always be fretted by the inconsistencies of her situation. Here her rank will be acknowledged, her fortune respectable, and she will be at ease in society. I know what it will cost you to part with her, but if I can guess a parent's heart, you would yourself suffer any thing for her good.

“The merchant, who takes this, does not go for another day, so as I know you will be interested in my beloved patroness, the queen. I will relate to you how she at length liberated herself from the tyranny of the duchess de Terra Nova.

“The queen had two parrots, which she loved extremely, as she had brought them with her from France. The duchess, who had already made the king jealous of every thing connected with France, thought she should do a work very agreeable to him by killing them, because the words they spoke were French.

“One day, when the queen went to walk, the duchess, to avoid going with her, and in order to put her design into execution, feigned indisposition. She demanded the parrots of the woman that looked after them, and as soon as she had got them in her hands, wrung off their

necks, in spite of all the prayers and entreaties, that were used to prevent her from killing them. This was a great affliction to the poor French woman, who waited on the queen; who, when she came back to her apartment, commanded them to bring her parrots and dogs, as was her custom when the king was not present, for he could not endure any of these little creatures, because they came from France, and whenever he saw them he cried, 'Fuera, fuera, perros Frances !' that is 'get out, French dogs !' All the queen's women, instead of going, looked upon one another, and continued immoveable, afraid to speak. At last, when desired to go again, one of them gave an account of the execution, which the camerera had made of them. She would not let her women observe her concern, and dismissed them ; but as soon as the duchess entered, and according to custom came to kiss her hand, the queen, without speaking a syllable to her, and before she was aware, gave her two smart boxes on the ear with her hand.

" Never was any created thing in such rage and amazement as the duchess ; for she was the most haughty and imperious woman living, possessed, as I said before, of a kingdom in Mexico, and carried as much state and grandeur as a queen. And now to be buffeted by a young person, whom she had hitherto treated like a child, was insupportable. She flew out of the room, saying all the impertinent things that anger suggested ; and assembled together her relations and friends, and above four hundred ladies. With a numerous train of coaches, she came to the palace to demand justice of the

king for the affront. She made so great a clamour, and shed so many tears, that he sent for the queen to come to him ; and as he began to represent to her the impropriety of her conduct, and the high rank the camerera mayor held in the world, the queen interrupted him, and said calmly, ‘ Senor, esto es uno antojo.’

“ These few unexpected words instantly changed the face of affairs. The king embraced her with a thousand testimonies of joy, adding, that she had done very prudently, and that if two blows did not satisfy her, he consented that she should give the duchess two dozen more.

“ Now ‘ antojo’ signifies, in Spanish, the longing of a pregnant woman ; and they are, it seems, convinced by the course of experience, that if women pregnant in this country have not what they desire, they are delivered before their time of a dead infant. The king was delighted, and though he had a great kindness for the duchess, he entirely approved of the queen’s action. The queen had the address not to take the least notice of the death of her parrots, so that she gave the king no reason to imagine, that her ‘ antojo’ for boxing the duchess proceeded from her own resentment ; but the duchess, who knew very well the truth, finding she could get no redress, and incapable of bearing the affront, retired from court, and was succeeded by the duchess d’Albuquerque.

“ I have written by the same person, who carries this, to father O’Brien. He will rejoice



to hear of my present situation, and I yet hope that I may have the great satisfaction of seeing him and you, my dear brother, in this country. If I could accomplish the possession of your little girl, I should have great hopes, and I almost feel convinced, that you will let me have her. Once more, God bless you all, and farewell. Often and often the tears fall from my eyes, when I think on the cottage where we passed so many innocent days, and I find it impossible to tear from my heart the sad remembrance of our ill-fated country. I confess this, even when I reserve my last request, to entreat you and father O'Brien to remove to this country ; I am not sanguine of success, but surely you might come to pay me a visit, and need not depend upon my representation ; and if you did, I think you would stay with me ; for yourself, perhaps, it might not be pleasant, but for your children it would be most desirable.

“ Once more farewell, from your evermore affectionate, loving sister,

UNA,  
Princess Hi Sullivan Bere,  
—born Hi Nial.”

This is the letter, which had given my beloved Maurice so much satisfaction, and had fixed his mind to commit his children to his sister's care. I note not Una's letter to myself, as it related to her most inmost thoughts, and was to be held sacred ; but I may say, that it showed a noble, and generous, and affectionate mind, after a short aberration, restored to the upright rectitude of feeling, which nature, and the God

of nature, had implanted in it. Neither will I insert the letter I received from Una, when I sent her an account of her brother's death; I am eased of a weight in having no more sorrows to rehearse. Una dispatched Rory without delay, and I was rejoiced in having the faithful creature once more under my roof. He cried like a child the first day, but the sight of the children soon revived him; and they were equally taken with him, for he had a gentle, soft, coaxing voice, and though he was grown grave and staid in appearance, he was very much of a child at bottom. He was particularly delighted with Geraldine, and soon bestowed on her all the affection he had borne her mother.—“Blessed hour!” he would say to me, “who could have dreamt to have found that baby like, that I left, grown a fine woman, and such as all the court of Madrid cannot liken? certain and sure I am, that the princess will go out of her wits when she beholds her.” Then he would walk to the rocks with the children, and, sitting down, entertain them for whole hours with accounts of what their father and Hi Sullivan did when they were young; and such was the strength of his memory, which was quite that of a Seannachie, that he would repeat whole conversations without appearing to miss a word. The children were quite fascinated with him, and I encouraged their fondness, as I knew Rory's perfect worth, and it made their trajet to Spain so much more agreeable. Only Geraldine complained to me, that Mr. Rory was so cross to poor Merritt; indeed Merritt never came near him but he sent him away with, “get out from that, can't

ye !” as if he were speaking to an intruding animal.

At length the day of their departure arrived. I had hired a ship purposely to convey them, with suitable domestics for Geraldine, and every thing else befitting the rank they would have to resume in Spain. Great was Rory’s delight to see the splendid change, and complete would have been his triumph, but for the pain which would cross his heart, when a thought occurred of the castle of Berehaven, and generous Hi Sullivan.

Rory, I knew, would not leave Ireland without visiting Hi Sullivan’s grave ; and as I wished the children, before they abandoned their country, should visit that of their mother, I determined to accompany them as far as Arklow, and put in there for a few days, sending my horse by land to meet me.

We had a pleasant sail, as the children, well used to be on the sea at Rahery, were not seasick. They had been brought up to adore the memory of their mother, and were themselves much afflicted, when they beheld the spot where she was buried ; and Rory burst forth into all the wild vociferations of Irish grief, as he threw himself on the sod, that covered the grave of Hi Sullivan ; yet I doubt not but a more dolorous pain cut my heart, as these scenes brought before me the dear friends that I had lost.

Our parting was sad enough, but as I had de-

terminated to visit them and Spain the ensuing year, there was the less bitterness. Dear children, I still see them on their knees, asking my blessing, I still see Geraldine fainting in her brother's arms, as my boat moved from the ship. O may the blessing of a sorrowing old man be prevalent! and ye shall be truly blest, darlings of my heart!

I now returned to my deserted home, but still every evening I cheered my thoughts with the prospect of visiting Spain, and reckoned the time when I might hope to receive a letter. I busied myself in settling all their affairs with Mr. Mapleton, who, after converting the whole property into money, according to Maurice's desire, had raised near one hundred thousand pounds: this I desired him to lodge in the hands of the Spanish ambassador in London, to be remitted to Una, on the children's accounts, which was all faithfully and punctually performed.

In two months time, I had the satisfaction of hearing from Una of the safe arrival of my dear children; she was enchanted with them, and could not find words to tell the love and admiration she felt for Geraldine. I heard from her again, giving an account of the brilliant fate, that had awaited them.—To this perhaps the knowledge of the magnitude of their fortune did not a little contribute.—The boys, in right of their father, had the title of Prince acknowledged, and the rank of Grandees of Spain superadded. And they and Geraldine received much courtesy from the Spanish Court.



But their minds were too temperate and domestic, to be allured by gewgaws ; and finding a pleasant retreat in a valley, watered by a clear stream, and fragrant with orange trees, they purchased there an estate, and occupied themselves in its improvement.—I did not reach Spain so soon as I had intended ; some parish affairs, and the disappointment in meeting a ship, detaining me till more than a year was past, but the following letter, which I received from Una, at length made me set off in haste.

“ My dear and reverend friend,

“ You must not delay a day, but do not turn to the end of my letter, to know why, but take the account in due order.

“ I told you of the impression that our children made at court. Geraldine has grown ever since more and more a favourite with the queen ; but Geraldine returns the affection but coldly. She is content to stay in the queen’s private apartment, and as she speaks French so fluently, the queen takes great delight in conversing with her ; but nothing can overcome her repugnance to the public court, and her heart is always with her brothers at Villambrosa, for they have retired almost entirely from court, and as soon as she can get the queen’s permission and mine, she speeds away to them.—I do not complain, for she prefers me and my convent to the queen and her court.—The queen perceives it too, for she said one day to me laughing, ‘ I wish I had been born an Irish shepherdess, and then your beautiful niece might have loved me.’ The queen told me, that though

Geraldine rarely appeared at court, yet all the young lords were competitors for her hand, and she herself had been solicited on all sides by their relations to interfere in their favour. The rank that Geraldine bore at court, and her large fortune, would alone have been sufficient to produce this effect ; but her uncommon beauty, the uncommon softness of that beauty, and, above all, the gentleness and modesty of her demeanour, had inflamed the passion of these young courtiers to an enthusiasm amounting to madness ; ‘ and I must soon, (added the queen,) call on Geraldine, to make her choice, or this rivalry may have painful consequences.—But I do not know how Geraldine is to make a choice, for I am certain she has never looked one of them in the face yet, nor ever voluntarily exchanged a sentence beyond what politeness exacted.—When I send her from me, she takes refuge under the duchess D’Albuquerque’s wing, where she knows they dare not come ; she casts her eyes on the ground, and either her memory is very bad, or she attends to these things very ill, but I cannot find, that she learns any of their names ; and when I question her about them, she makes all kinds of ludicrous mistakes. However, you must prepare her soon to make a choice, nor ought she to complain. I had no choice, and was obliged to quit for ever dearest and ever lamented France.’

“ I replied, that ‘ Geraldine knew her duty too well, to have any repugnance to conduct herself according to the wishes of her friends ;’ and the queen departed, saying, that nothing would give her more pleasure, than to see Geraldine married equal to her merit.

“ It was now time to speak to Geraldine on the subject ; she heard me at first with tears and alarm ; but when I had convinced her, that the queen’s wishes were reasonable, in unison with mine, and accordant with the duties of her station, she composed herself, and declared her willingness to comply. I asked her, if she had any preference ; she said, that she had not noticed particularly any of the young lords she had seen ; but there was one whom she had not seen, at least not his face, whom she should choose, if she was called on so early in life to make a choice.

“ And now I will tell you the only piece of romance, that has occurred in Geraldine’s history. Whenever she has been at Madrid, she has been in the habit of attending the hospital of Santo Domingo ; it was a duty that accorded with her benevolent and pious disposition, and as people of rank visited there occasionally masked, I saw no impropriety in her attending daily, while she was with me. She always went veiled, and Rory accompanied her. Among the patients whom she attended, there was a poor woman, who fixed her attention by her uncommon resignation under a painful disease ; and when Geraldine asked her, if she could do any thing for her to mitigate her sufferings, the poor woman looked wistfully, and after a pause said, ‘ You have been so good to me, I will say, that I should have no want or wish, if you would read to me, only for ten minutes, a book of prayers, or the word of God.’

You, who are acquainted with Geraldine, will know how readily she complied ; and every

day for an hour, or three hours, as she found leisure, would she sit by the poor woman's bedside, and read to her the Scriptures. She never imagined she was observed, as she sat in an obscure corner of the room, and it was common for different pious persons to attend the sick like herself in disguise. And that there might be less chance of her being noticed, she wore the same dress as the attendants, when she visited the hospital.

“ One day, the windows having been closed to exclude the light, which was painful to some of the patients, she borrowed a taper, and as she read with her head leaning down, her veil caught fire, and she might have been much burnt, but that a gentleman in a mask, who had also been attending the sick, had stopped to observe her, and instantly as he saw the blaze tore the veil from her. Geraldine stood affrighted and ashamed ; but the cavalier, when he found her unhurt, withdrew with great delicacy, and returned with a veil, which he had borrowed from one of the attendants, and threw it over her head. Geraldine departed in some confusion, forgetting to bring away her Bible, and was so much disconcerted at the accident, that she was some days before she could resolve to go again ; at last, feeling for the loss the poor woman would have of her now customary gratification, she determined to go again, disguising herself more carefully. When she arrived, she said to her patient, ‘ I am afraid you have been at a loss these three days for the comfort this good book affords, and I blame myself for not having come sooner.’ The woman replied, that



she should have missed her more, but that the good signor, who had prevented her from being burnt, had come every morning to read to her, and said, that he came early, that I might have the benefit of your reading too.

Geraldine felt the delicacy of this conduct ; but as she has that excellent upright sense, which never imposes on itself, she at once saw the necessity of returning no more to the hospital ; as the cavalier did not only come occasionally, but made a practice of coming ; and as the woman was now advancing to recovery, she could do this with less regret. She therefore left some money with her, and told her when she was recovered to inquire for me at the convent, and she would give her further assistance. She then took up the Bible and returned. When she came to the convent, and laid the book on the table, it struck her that it was not her own. She examined it, and looking to the blank leaf, corresponding to the one where her name was written, found it was not ; and also sufficient evidence, that hers had been taken, and this left in its place designedly : for corresponding to where her name had been written, was written the name of the duke D'Uuzeda ; where her age, his age ; where the place of her birth, and the names of her parents, the same of his ; with an affectation of similarity in the position of the lines : and as she had written a couple of French verses, addressed to her mother to guard and guide her, he had composed a similar one, with a slight variation of the sentiment. This confirmed Geraldine in her resolution of not going again to the

hospital. She mentioned the circumstance to me ; and I approved of her conduct, and perceiving that the accident had made no impression on her imagination, which had no tincture of romance, I did not even inquire about the duke D'Uzeda. However, as Geraldine now said, that if the queen called on her to decide, with no better opportunities of judging than what she had, and as I told her the duke was unmarried, she said she certainly would give him a preference.

“ I determined to inquire the next day respecting his circumstances. However the queen did not give us time ; with that impetuosity in urging on whatever they desire, and that regardlessness of other people's feelings, which marks the most amiable of princes, when their own wishes are to be gratified, she summoned Geraldine to court the next day, and sent her carriages, and the duchess d'Albuquerque to conduct her.

“ When Geraldine appeared, the queen with little ceremony announced her intentions ; and telling Geraldine, with many compliments, that there was not a single young lord of the court but what aspired to obtain her hand, bid her choose whomever she would prefer for a husband ; ‘ Here is a list of their names,’ said her majesty smiling, ‘ but as I believe you have scarcely deigned to know them by name, I have assembled them all here, in case you know their faces better.’

“ Geraldine replied without raising her eyes

from the ground ; ‘ your majesty’s commands are sufficient to excuse in me what otherwise would be deemed unusual presumption. In obedience to these I name the duke D’Uuzeda, if his grace will condescend to accept the poor offer of my duty.’

Here Geraldine’s limbs nearly failed her ; but the queen herself supported her, and cried to the duke, who rushed forward ; ‘ stop, D’Uuzeda, perhaps here is some mistake, and I do not mean that the princess Hi Nial should be a victim to her obedience.’

“ ‘ Do you know,’ continued she to Geraldine, ‘ that the duke is absolutely without fortune, and therefore never pretended to your hand ?’

“ ‘ No, Madam, I did not know that circumstance.’

“ ‘ Have you ever seen the duke’s face ?’

“ ‘ No, Madam.’

“ ‘ How came you then to know any thing about him.’

“ ‘ I saw, said Geraldine, after some hesitation, and sinking in the queen’s arms, ‘ I saw his name in a book.’

“ At this reply the queen burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, while in an instant prostrate at Geraldine’s feet, knelt the most

handsome, the most accomplished, and the most virtuous nobleman of the Spanish court.

“It was not long before I was summoned to attend her majesty; she received me in her private apartment, told me what had happened, and hoped that the duke’s poverty would not prevent my giving my consent to my niece’s marriage with him.

“I replied, certainly not, Geraldine’s fortune making the duke’s circumstances very immaterial, if his character was good, and if Geraldine conceived no aversion to him.

“ ‘Then this is the most charming event that ever happened,’ replied the queen, delighted. ‘There is no one at court to be at all compared with D’Uzeda in talents, accomplishments, and piety; and he is the exact person I should have fixed on for Geraldine, but I thought his poverty an insuperable bar—he, it seems, thought so too, for when Geraldine first appeared, he gazed and gazed on her till he became passionately enamoured; but despairing of success, he determined to conquer his passion, and abstained wholly from appearing at court—and this was what surprised me, when Geraldine named him, for I was convinced that she had never even seen him. You may imagine his surprise, when he snatched off the burning veil at the hospital, to find that the pious girl, whom he had often stopped to remark as he passed by, was the lovely object of his affection. Yet he had honour and resolution enough to abstain from taking any advantage of this incident, and



he contented himself with taking possession of the Bible she had left, and substituting one of his own in its place. Can you have a better warrant for his character? and as for any aversion Geraldine may have for him, step this way,' continued the queen, and she opened a folding door, and presented to view Geraldine sitting quite composedly by the side of the duke D'Uuzeda on a low sofa, with her hand locked in both of his.

"Come then, dearest Sir, for Geraldine absolutely refuses to be married by any one but yourself, not a Cardinal or Archbishop will content her, and on this point neither queen, nor aunt, nor lover, have any power to move her. But I enclose a short note from her, which I dare say will have more effect with you, than my long epistle.

Ever your assured friend,

UNA,

Princess Hi Sullivan Bere,  
—born Hi Nial."

*Geraldine's Note.*

"Dearest, most beloved Father,

"I did not think that I could have made so many people happy, and if you approve my conduct, I shall have nothing to desire. The charming queen thanks me, as if I had really sacrificed my inclinations to her wishes; my aunt is more tender and affectionate than ever, my brothers dote on the duke d'Uuzeda, and he is in raptures with them. They have already undertaken to bring his estate into cultivation,

and you know what excellent farmers they are; even Rory has recovered his youth and spirits, and is beyond all measure proud, because the Duke will allow no one else to attend about his person. And yet I am often obliged to leave them, and go to my closet and weep, when I think, that, had it pleased God, my father might have witnessed the happiness of his poor girl; but he does witness it, and I will indulge this weakness no more.

“My aunt has showed me her letter, and I wish nothing altered in it, but an expression that implies, that I can love any one much better than herself; indeed it is not the case, every one adores her, much more the unprotected girl, who has found in her the tenderest of friends, and the most anxious of mothers; come then, my dear Sir, for nothing but your presence is wanting to complete our happiness.

Your lovingly attached

GERALDINE.”

You may imagine, that after these letters the wind did not blow long between me and Spain. I left Merritt to the care of a trusty domestic, and travelling to Cork, soon found a vessel about to sail for Spain. We had a speedy and favourable voyage. We landed at Corunna, and I was no great time in reaching Madrid. It was almost too much for me to hold again in my arms my loving and beloved children. When Una and I retired, we both wept over the days that were departed, but she was soothed by the warm approbation I bestowed upon her conduct.

She was still in all the pride of her beauty, looking blooming and young; but it was plain that she had ceased to value it, and was vain only for Geraldine. I was anxious to see the Duke d'Uzeda, for I could not be satisfied that he was worthy of Geraldine, but the first sight of him won my heart. He had the frank affectionate manner of Maurice, with an air of ease and self-forgetfulness, that captivated at once.

Three days after my arrival, I married them in the presence of the king, and queen, and court. We all departed the same day for Vil-lambrosa, where Rory had prepared a rural fête. The trees blazed with lights, music resounded with the fall of the water, groups were seen dancing, but every one rushed forward to meet the bride and bridegroom, and the maidens showered flowers before them; but above all joy was Rory's joy, who moved from place to place, and from room to room, heeding no one, but exclaiming, "Oh blessed hour! blessed hour!"

When I told of dismal scenes, I tried to be short, but could not, misery is so full of circumstance; but happiness is fled almost before it can be described, and I have now little left to say.

I remained for three months in Spain, a witness of the most perfect contentment, which virtue and piety can give. My sons and the duke loved each other entirely; and they had the satisfaction, by conducting the water by many skilful contrivances over his estate, to

make fruitful what was before arid and barren. They taught him too, what a Spanish nobleman seldom understands, how to lay out money to advantage on his estate, so that before many years passed, from being one of the poorest, it became one of the most thriving properties in Spain. And the duke, with the addition of Geraldine's fortune, one of its richest noblemen.

The duke, under Geraldine's tuition, made rapid progress in English, so that he could speak it passably well before I came away ; this sad moment arrived but too soon. Una and all endeavoured to make me take up my abode in Spain, but I could not part from Ireland : like the doating love of a parent for a sickly child, the more this hapless country grieved my heart, the more I was attached to it, and besides it would have ill become me to abandon the duties of my poor parish, now that life was grown too short with me, to enable me to begin the care of a new set of souls with any chance of success.

Not but that the temptation was strong ; for, added to the yearnings of natural affection, ambition laid its toils, as the duke proposed me to the queen for her confessor, and she assented, as I was conversant with France ; for the king would not allow her to retain a French confessor, but he would have admitted me as an Irishman, to whom he and indeed all Spaniards are partial. But, as I said before, I refused, though with sad pain ; which, however, was somewhat diminished, when I found that darling Geraldine had stipulated with the duke, before her marriage, that he would take her to Ireland,



that she might once more visit me and her parents' graves.

This was a wonderful comfort to me when I departed, for whether it was the heat of the climate, or probably the natural progress of old age, I became latterly so debilitated, that I felt I should make no second journey to Spain. I parted, therefore, from Una, as never to meet again, but as blessed spirits; but I was satisfied to find that piety, and resignation, and peace, had taken full possession of her heart.

Once more I returned to my home, and the poor creature, Merritt, seemed to feel joy at seeing me again.

I now devoted myself with zeal to my religious duties, which I found a great alleviation to my mind, and I read again and again the sacred gospels and epistles, the only comfort there is for old age. Yet childishly I marked down all the days of the year, at the end of which I expected my beloved friends, and scored off a day every evening; yet they came not, though I heard of their welfare and happiness, and I began to reckon another year. It was at the end of this that I at last saw, on a fine summer's evening, a ship approach the island, with a yellow flag at her head, the concerted signal that she brought my treasures. The tears still gush from my eyes, when I think of the joy of that moment.

The children wept with delight at once more seeing their native country; Rory too was full

of approbation at all the improvements that had taken place since his absence, and the duke enjoyed the pleasure with which all seemed affected ; but they did not lose a moment in hastening to their father's grave, where the tears they shed flowed without bitterness. When they entered my house (now not a despicable one) Merritt, whom I had in my hurry of spirits forgot to have put out of the way, happened to cross them, and the moment he fixed his eyes upon James Hi Nial, he began to shake and be convulsed, staring as if he had seen a spectre ; and when I hurried them away, for they were all indiscribably shocked, he screamed to a degree that was terrifying. Even Rory was moved with pity, and came to help to appease him, and we were forced ever after to keep him remote, which was not difficult ; for as long as they staid, he seemed afraid to move from the chimney corner where he sat. The strong likeness of James to Hi Sullivan had increased with manhood, and his complexion, having been embrowned by the Spanish sun, made the resemblance still more remarkable.

This was the only incident that troubled our entire tranquillity. My sons employed themselves indefatigably in assisting all our poor neighbours ; urging them to better modes of culture, and liberally assisting them with the means. They set all the smiths and carpenters to work to make better implements ; they purchased and gave the better farmers a finer breed of cattle and horses ; they laid out drains, where the country was wet ; and led streams on levels to fertilize the grass ground ; in short

the golden age seemed restored in Rahery, and the poor people who had loved their parents, and sympathised in all the extraordinary fate of this renowned family, idolized them like something above earth. Nor was Geraldine less indefatigable ; wonderfully skilled in medicine from her constant attendance on the hospital of Madrid ; wherever sickness was, there she paid her angel visits, and not only administered medicines, but every alleviation that money or kind counsel could give ; and every morning of the Sundays she would read the Testament to such of the infirm, as could not attend service ; and in the evening she collected the children of the district, and taught them to read and write. Yet their stay was always out of the question. Even my sons, though they doated on their native country, loved the duke more ; and their father's wishes was a law to them on this subject. All they attempted was to make me return and live in Spain with them ; for this the duke was pressingly urgent, and Geraldine's wistful looks, though she said nothing, moved still more ; for they saw I was growing too infirm to go again to Spain with a view of returning to Ireland. But I had now, at last, detached me from all considerations of myself, my duty was so clear, to stay with my flock, that I was resolute in my refusal.

Geraldine was pregnant ; the duke anxious to get her back in good time to Spain, as he would not have a son born other than a Spaniard. I could not help mourning over the loss of another native family to Ireland. Alas ! when will England permit the Irish native to be respecta-

ble at home? When will she do justice to the merit of that national character, which of all others least deserves to be treated with distrust, severity and harshness? I know this people well, and I can testify, that there is no race, even to the lowest, less infected with the selfishness of depravity; even the excesses they have been driven to commit, and God knows that they are pitiable ones, spring from some wild and perverted principle, in which their own particular interest forms no consideration. And ah, how generous, how full of kind consideration, how intelligent are they in their peaceful and happy hours! and in the sharp day of adversity, how full of patience, integrity, and honour, and faith preserved unspotted unto death!

I saw the day of separation approach with alarm, and even wished it past, if it had been possible to wish to part. Geraldine now scarcely ever left me, nor could her love for her husband keep her long absent from my side. One day, the duke came into my room, where she was sitting, but without taking off his hat, seeming inclined to sit down. "It is a fine day," he said, "my father."

"It is a gaudy day, my son."

"The princes, my brothers, are tired of me, because I cannot be melancholy at going back to Spain, and I have been looking for the person with a broken bone, or a sickness, to tempt Geraldine to walk, but they are all cured."



" Truth, Geraldine, my heart's own, the duke had some reason to complain, that we treat him in Ireland more like a friend than a stranger. This is mighty wrong ; for a friend, is a friend for our own sake, but a stranger is a friend for God's sake, and ought to be more respected. So, my love, think that you are here in your native country, and give the duke more of the time, which you lavish on a worthless old man."

" But you will soon be to me, as if you were not," said Geraldine, rising and wiping away a tear, yet presenting her hand with a smile to her husband.

" No, no, sit down, Geraldine. I know her too well. If I did not let her give all herself to you now ; she would make the ship turn back, when we were half way to Spain, because her conscience would give her no rest, for not having been sufficiently attentive to you, and she would ask for another week, to make amends."

" Her very angel mother ! my sainted Berghetta !" I exclaimed. " Oh may that tenderness of conscience be manifest in all her race, which, while it reproaches itself for the least aberration, is secure from mortal sin, and humble withal."

The duke pressed Geraldine to his breast. She, the while, all covered with blushes of real lowness of heart, turned to me, and said, " Ah, father, surely, surely, you would not say any thing to spoil me. Praise from other people, even from my dear husband, only appeared to

me as idle fondling, for they never nicely examine themselves or others ; but you, my confessor, the confessor of so many hearts, approbation from you ought not to be lightly given."

" Daughter," said I, rising, and lifting my hands to Heaven, and placing them on her head, " the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, possess and fill thy heart ; for he, who early purified thy mother's, has sanctified it to himself ; doubt it not."

Geraldine crossed her hands on her breast, and raised her eyes, shining with a holy joy, and we were silent for some time. The duke was the first to speak.

" Did I not tell you, loveliest, a multitude of times, that you were the best of girls ? you see I was right, and I hope will put belief in me another time. But," continued he, taking off his hat, " I will not ask you to walk, I know what will give you more delight ; yes, I certainly do, though you pretend to look as if nothing would give you so much pleasure as walking with me.

" She has often quarrelled with me, father, for being a hard hearted christian towards heretics ; and says that you could set me right on this subject, for that you have more wisdom, than all the doctors of Madrid."

" Say not wisdom, son ! but zeal, good will, earnest desire, and solicitude, to establish christian love amongst all christians divided by

names. In this I will not yield to any doctor of them all, Madrid, Salamanca, or the Sorbonne."

Geraldine looked delighted, and drawing her husband to her side, made him sit down.

"You have been early taught, my son," I began, "to regard what is called the Reformation as Satan's work ; to look upon our separated brethren as wilful and unpardonable heretics. But our ecclesiastics state too absolutely, that the Reformation was purely evil. It was God's work. It was a separation to be deplored, as it affected our Protestant brethren; but it was a reformation to be hailed with joy, as it affected our own Church.—It was the reformation of Catholics, as well as of Protestants. Was not reformation wanting, when political pride and aggrandisement infected the bosoms of our pontiffs and cardinals? When the most holy privileges of religion were set up for sale, to supply means to their depravity, when a \*Pope was heard to say, '*quantas divitias nobis attulit vetus ista fabula Christi!*' was there not need for a reformation? Did not God in his mercy divide us among ourselves, and place in Protestants watchful and clear-sighted censors upon our Church? Consider the characters of our pontiffs, cardinals, and ecclesiastics, before and since the Reformation, and acknowledge the wisdom of God in dividing to save.

"And after all, is not this value which we set upon unity and conformity exaggerated? Does

\* Leo X.

it not spring rather from an attachment to our Church than for our religion? What is the natural effect of passive assent and uniformity? What but indifference? It looks well, it has a fine appearance, and does to boast of; but it is spiritless, heartless, lifeless. Look at Spain and Italy, where you have most of it, and see infamy of crime top orthodoxy with its head. We re-proach the Protestants with their sects, though even the worst of them are faithful Christians; but we do not notice those great sects of Atheists and Deists, which preserve the name of our religion, because they care for none, and which perhaps might not have rushed into such frightful extremes, if some division of religious opinion had been allowed.—No, my son, I do not call our separated brethren heretics; praise be to God I can see much good in the diversity of sects, though I cannot approve their opinions. It shows, at least, that religion is the business of such men's bosoms, and that they differ because they are in earnest.—Any thing is to be preferred to coldness and indifference. I have in England seen a little chapel raised by Socinians, and consoled myself by thinking, that a great fermentation must have taken place, before that subtle scum was thrown up. No, my son, I do not hate heretics; I consider them as instruments in the hands of Providence, to shame us when we are corrupted, and to spur us on to exertion when we become lethargic; and I humbly hope, that, if they act up to the light which God has granted them, we shall meet them in that Heaven, where doubts and disputes will be no more."



I spoke with warmth, for I had been afflicted with the demoniac exhibition of an auto de fé in Spain, and I feared lest the duke might have been infected with something of the spirit of persecution ; but Geraldine had already much humanized his opinions.

“I find very little difficulty,” he said to me, after obligingly thanking me, “in thinking as Geraldine does ; but if I did, what you say with so much truth, would convince me, for indeed most of our Spanish Christians are no Christians at all, and will intrigue, and poignard, and break all faith, and think themselves no worse.”

“In this country,” continued I, “we have no need of sects to animate our faith ; persecution has the same effect ; and thus it is, that God knows how to produce the best ends, even by the most unpalatable means.”

“My father,” observed Geraldine, “said he could love a Protestant as much as a Catholic.”

The duke some days after urged me with every persuasion he could use, to go and settle with them in Spain. It was all that was wanted to make Geraldine happy. I saw that he was preparing to depart, but my mind had been long made up. To them I knew the loss could not be lasting or great, and my own lot I was prepared to bear.

The tide answered in the morning, the tide that was to bear my all, all that I loved on earth,

away. They arose by day light, that they might receive the offices of religion, as they would necessarily be so long without them on their voyage.—While I prepared their souls for Heaven, it seemed little to me to be separated from them on earth. But when I came to give them my benediction, my parting benediction, my foolish old eyes streamed down with tears. They knelt round me. Sense of my duty restored me my voice. Just as I had finished, the sailors appeared at the door, to say all was ready. “They come,” said I, “now children of my heart, God’s blessing be with you.” I embraced them one by one, and speedily, Geraldine last. My sons, the princes, wrung my hands, and Geraldine sobbed on my bosom. The duke looked again to intreat me to go with him.

“Be of good cheer, my sons,” I said. “Geraldine, darling, do not weep so.” I shook my head to the duke. We may weep to part, but christians should never part in despondency. We shall meet next, through the merits of our blessed Saviour, in Heaven.

I delivered Geraldine to the duke, who gently forced her away. My sons again threw themselves into my arms, but upon the sailors entering to take up the trunks, they shook the tears from their eyes, and helped the men with their burdens ; and when the door closed, I thought I was left in the blackest solitude I had ever known.

O imbecile nature of ignoble man ! I had the society of God, and the speedy prospect of

death, the gate of Heaven. I betook me to my prayers, and earnestly imploring blessings for my beloved children, the fluctuations of my mind subsided. I had scarcely ended my prayers, when the poor old crazy thing came creeping softly into the room, looking heedfully about.

“ Father ! ” he said.

“ What would you, Merritt ? ”

“ He is gone ! ”

“ Yes, gone quite away, in a ship over the sea, to Spain ; he will never come back.”

Then he slunk into the chair he used to sit in, and renewed his mutter of “ wo is me ! wo is me ! ”

Many hours did not pass me by, before satisfaction and thankfulness rose uppermost in my thoughts ; repinings and sorrow, with other dregs of worldly carefulness, subsided to the bottom of my heart, and were still. Towards evening I felt, that I might indulge myself with a last view of the ship. Taking my staff, I hobbled up to the top of the rocks. She was still plain to be discerned, bearing away under a fair north wind, and lessening in the evening haze.

While I looked, my eyes filled joyfully with tears, when I considered the fair lot of these jewels of my affections ; that with them world-

ly prosperity was not incompatible with their eternal welfare, and that the good God might rejoice, that here there was no necessity to afflict in order to save.

I continued to look, till my feeble eyes could not even imagine that they saw the ship any longer ; as I rose to go home, and turned away from them for ever in this world, a natural pain again cut my heart ; till I forced my thoughts to pass from the living to the dead—to my loved Maurice and Berghetta—to the ever honoured Hi Sullivans, father and son ; with whom I felt that I had a nearer interest, than with the young beginners in a life, that was closing fast upon me.

THE END.





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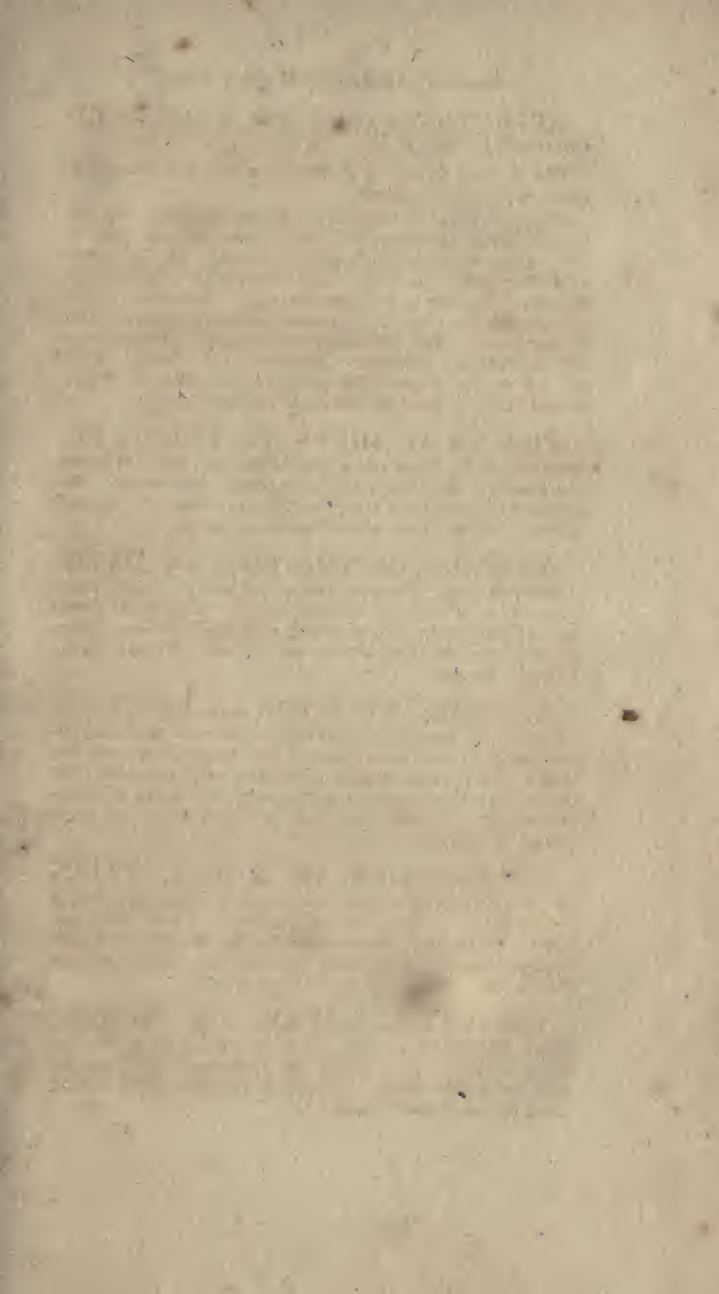
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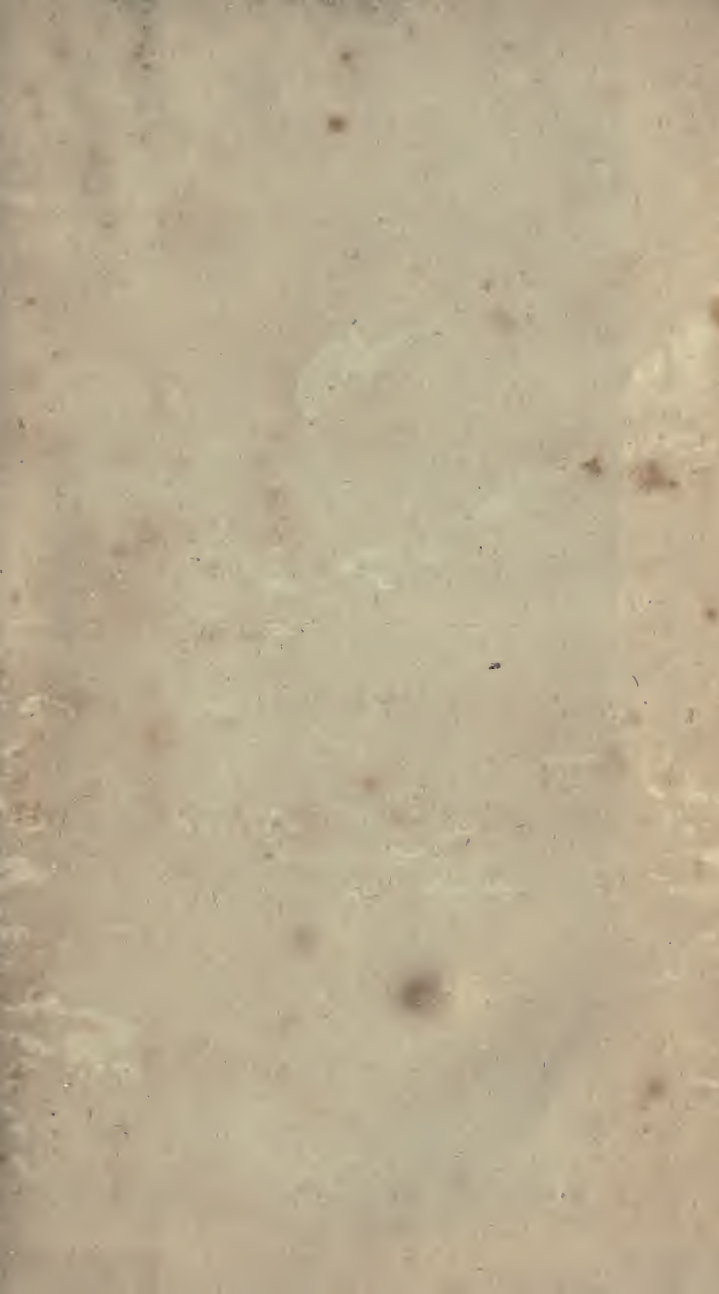
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